A

Moſt pleaſant Comedy of *Mucedorus*

the Kings Sonne of *Valentia*, and *Amadine* the Kings Daughter of *Aragon*.

With the merry conceits of *Moſe*.

Amplified with new Additions, as it was acted before the Kings Maieſty at Whitehall, on Shroueſunday night.

By his Highneſſe Seruants, vſually playing at the *Globe*.

Very delectable, and full of conceited mirth.

LONDON,
Printed for *Iohn Wright*, and are to be ſolde at his ſhop at the ſigne of the Bible without *Newgate*. 1626.

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The Prologue.

MOst ſacred Maieſtie, whoſe great deſerts,
Thy ſubiect *England*, nay, the world admires:
Which, Heauen grant ſtill increaſe, O may your praiſe
Multiplying with your houres, your fame ſtill raiſe:
Embrace your Councell: Loue, with Faith them guide,
That both as one bench, by the others ſide,
So may your life paſſe on, and runne ſo euen,
That your firme zeale plant you a Throne in Heauen:
Where ſmiling Angels ſhall your guardians be,
From blemiſht Traitors, ſtain'd with periurie:
And as the Night's inferiour to the Day,
So be all earthly Regions to your ſway.
Be as the Sunne to Day, the Day to Night;
For, from your beames, *Europe* ſhall borrow light:
Mirth drowne your boſome, faire Delight your minde,
And may our paſtime your contentment finde.

Exit.

Ten persons may easily play it.

The King, and Romelo,	} *for one.*
King Valentia,	} *for one.*
Macedorus the Prince of Valentia,	} *for one.*
Anselmo,	} *for one.*
Amadine the Kings Daughter of Aragon,	} *for one.*
Segasto a Nobleman,	} *for one.*
Envy, Tremelio a Captaine, Breme a wilde man,	} *for one.*
Comedie, a Boy, an old Woman, Ariena, Amadines maid,	} *for one.*
Collin a Counceller, a Messenger,	} *for one.*
Mouse the Clowne.	} *for one.*

A moſt pleaſant Comedy of *Mucedorus* the Kings Sonne of *Valentia*, and *Amadine* the Kings Daughter of *Aragon*.

Enter Comedy ioyfully, with a Garland of Bayes on her head.

WHy ſo, thus doe I hope to pleaſe:
Muſicke reuiues, and mirth is tollerable:
Comedy play thy part and pleaſe:
Make merry them that come to ioy with thee:
Ioy then good Gentles, I hope to make you laugh
Sound forth *Bellona's* ſiluer tuned ſtrings,
Time fits vs well, the day and place is ours.

Enter Enuy his armes naked beſmeared with bloud.

Enuy. Nay ſtay Minion ſtay, there lies a blocke:
What, all on mirth? Ile interrupt your tale,
And mixe your muſicke with a Tragicke end.

Comedy. What monſtrous vgly hag is this,
That dares controule the pleaſures of our will?
Vaunt churliſh Cur beſmeard with gory bloud,
That ſeem'ſt to checke the bloſſome of Delight,
And ſtifle the ſound of ſweet *Bellona's* breath:
Blush monſter bluſh, and poſt away with ſhame,
That ſeek'ſt diſturbance of a Goddeſſe name.

Enuy. Poſt hence thy ſelfe thou counterchecking Trull,
I will poſſeſſe this habite ſpight of thee,
And gaine the glory of this wiſhed port:
Ile thunder Muſicke ſhall appale the Nymphs,
And make them ſhiuer their clattering ſtrings,
Flying for ſuccour to their Daniſh Caues.

Sound Drummes within, and cry ſtab, ſtab.

Harken thou ſhalt heare noiſe,
Shall fill the Aire with ſhrilling ſound:

And thunder Muſicke to the Gods aboue:
Mars ſhall himſelfe breathe downe
A peereleſſe Crowne vpon braue *Ennies* head,
And raiſe his chiuall with a laſting fame:
In this braue Muſicke *Enny* takes delight,
Where I may ſee them wallow in their bloud.
To ſpurne at Armes and Legs quite ſhiuered off,
And heare the cries of many thouſands ſlaine:
How lik'ſt thou this my Trull? tis ſport alone for me.

Com. Vaunt bloudie Curre, nurſt vp with Tygers ſap,
That ſo doſt quaile a womans minde:
Comedy is milde, gentle, willing for to pleaſe,
And ſeekes to gaine the loue of all eſtates:
Delighting in mirth, mixt all with louely tales;
And bringeth things with treble ioy to paſſe.
Thou bloudy, enuious, diſdainer of mens ioyes;
Whoſe name is fraught with bloudy ſtratagems,
Delights in nothing but in ſpoile and death,
Where thou maiſt trample in their luke-warme bloud,
And graſpe their hearts within thy curſed pawes:
Yet vaile thy minde, reuenge thee not on me,
A ſilly woman begs it at thy hands,
Giue me the leaue to vtter our my Play:
Forbeare this place, I humbly craue thee hence,
And mixe not death mongſt pleaſing Comedies,
That treats nought elſe but pleaſure and delight:
If any ſparke of humane reſts in thee,
Forbeare, be gone, tender the ſuit of me.

Enny. Why ſo I will; forbearance ſhall be ſuch,
As treble death ſhall croſſe thee with deſpight,
And make thee mourne where moſt thou ioyeſt,
Turning thy mirth into a deadly dole,
Whirling thy pleaſures with a peale of death,
And drench thy methods in a ſea of bloud:
Thus will I doe: Thus ſhall I beare with thee,
And more, to vex thee with a deeper ſpight,
I will with threats of bloud begin the Play,
Fauouring thee with Enuy and with Hate.

Com.

Com. Then vgly monſter doe thy worſt,
I will defend them in deſpight of thee:
And though thou think'ſt with Tragicke fumes
To proue my Play vnto my great diſgrace,
I force it not, I ſcorne what thou canſt doe:
I'le grace it ſo, thy ſelfe ſhall it confeſſe,
From Tragicke ſtuffe to be a pleaſant Comedie.

Enuy. Why then *Comedy* ſend thy Actors forth,
And I will croſſe the firſt ſtep of their Trade,
Making them feare the very dart of death.

Com. And I'le defend them maugre all thy ſpight:
So vgly fiend farewell, till time ſhall ſeaſe,
That we may meet to parlee for the beſt.

Enuy. Content *Comedy*, I'le goe ſpread my branch,
And ſcattered bloſſomes from mine enuious Tree,
Shall proue two Monſters, ſpoiling of their ioyes. *Exit.*

Sound.

Enter Mucedorus, and Anſelmo his friend.

Muc. Anſelmo? *Anſel.* My Lord and friend,
Whoſe deere affections boſome with my heart,
And keepe their domination in one Orbe:
Whence nere diſloyal ieſhall root it forth,
But faith plant firmer in your choice reſpect.

Muc. Much blame were mine, if I ſhould other deeme,
Nor can coy Fortune contrary allow:
But my *Anſelmo*, loth I am to ſay, I muſt enſtrange that friend-
Miſconſtrue not, 'tis from the Realme, not thee: ſhip,
Though Lands part Bodies, Hearts keepe company:
Thou know'ſt that I imparted often haue
Priuate relations with my royall Sire
Had, as concerning beauteous *Amadine*,
Rich *Aragons* bright Iewell: whoſe face (ſome ſay)
That blooming Lillies neuer ſhone ſo gay:
Excelling, nor excell'd; yet leſt Report
Does mangle Veritie, boaſting of what is not,
Wing'd with Deſire, thither Ile ſtraight repaire,
And be my fortunes as my thoughts are, faire.

Anſel. Will you forſake *Valentia*? leaue the Court?

Absent you from the eye of Soueraignte,
Doe not sweet Prince, aduenture on that taske,
Since danger lurkes each where, be won from it.
Muc. Desist dissuasion,
My resolution brookes no battery,
Therefore if thou retaine thy wonted forme,
Assist what I intend.
Ansel. Your misse will breed a blemish in the Court,
And throw a frosty deaw vpon that beard,
Whose front *Valentia* stoopes to.
Muc. If thou my welfare tender, then no more,
Let Loues strong Magicke charme thy triuiall phrase,
Wasted as vainly as to gripe the Sunne:
Augment not then more answer; locke thy lips,
Vnlesse thy wisdome sute me with disguise,
According to my purpose.
Ansel. That action craues no counsell.
Since what you rightly are, will more command,
Then best vsurped shape.
Muc. Thou still art opposite in disposition.
A more obscure seruile habilament
Beseemes this enterprise.
Ansel. Then like a *Florentine* or *Mountebanke*.
Muc. Tis much too tedious, I dislike thy iudgement,
My minde is grafted on a humbler stocke.
Ansel. Within my closet does there hang a Cassocke,
Though base the weed is, 'twas a Shepherds,
Which I presented in Lord *Iulius* Maske.
Muc. That my *Anselmo*, and none else but that,
Maske *Mucedorus* from the vulgar view?
That habit sutes my minde, fetch me that weed.

Exit Anselmo.

Better then Kings haue not disdain'd that state,
And much inferiour to obtaine their mate.

Enter Anselmo with a Shepherds coate.

So, let our respect command thy secrecie,
At once a briefe farewell,
Delay to Louers is a second Hell. *Exit Mucedorus.*

Ansel.

Ansel. Prosperity fore-runne thee; Auckward chance,
Neuer be neighbour to thy wishes venture,
Content and Fame aduance thee. Euer thriue,
And glory thy mortality suruiue. *Exit.*

Enter Mouse with a bottle of hay.

Mouse. O horrible terrible! Was euer poore Gentleman so scar'd out of his seauen senses? A Beare? Nay sure it cannot be a Beare, but some Deuill in a Beares doublet; for a Beare could neuer haue had that agilitie to haue frighted mee. Well, Ile see my father hang'd before Ile serue his Horse any more: Well, Ile carry home my bottle of hay, and for once make my fathers Horse turne Puritane, and obserue Fasting dayes, for hee gets not a bit. But soft, this way she followed me, therefore Ile take the other path, and because Ile be sure to haue an eye to her, I will shake hands with some foolish Creditor, and make euery step backward.

As he goes backward, the Beare comes in, and he tumbles ouer her, and runs away, and leaues his bottle of hay behind him.

Enter Segasto running, and Amadine after him, being pursued with a Beare.

Seg. O flie Madam, flie, or else we are but dead.

Ama. Helpe *Segasto*, helpe, helpe sweet *Segasto*, or else I dye.

Segasto runnes away.

Segast. Alas Madam, there is no way but flight,
Then haste and saue your selfe.

Ama. Why then I dye. Ah helpe me in distresse.

Enter Mucedorus like a Shepheard, with a sword drawne, and a Beares head in his hand.

Muce. Stay Lady stay, and be no more dismaid,
That cruell Beast, most mercilesse and fell,
Affrighted many with his hard pursues,
Prying from place to place to finde his prey,
Prolonging thus his life by others death:
His carkas now lies headlesse, void of breath.

Ama. That foule deformed Monster is he dead?

Muce. Assure your selfe thereof, behold his head.

Which if it pleaſe you Lady to accept,
With willing heart I yeeld it to your Maieſtie.
Ama. Thanks worthy Shepheard, thanks a thouſand times,
This gift aſſure thy ſelfe contents me more,
Then greateſt bounty of a mighty Prince,
Although he were the Monarch of the world.
Muce. Moſt gracious Goddeſſe, more then mortall wight,
Your heauenly hue of right imports no leſſe:
Moſt glad am I in that it was my chance
To vndertake this enterpriſe in hand,
Which doth ſo greatly glad your Princely minde.
Ama. No Goddeſſe (Shepheard) but a mortall wight,
A mortall wight diſtreſſed as thou ſeeſt;
My father here is King of *Aragon*,
I *Amadine* his onely daughter am,
And after him ſole heyre vnto the Crowne:
Now whereas it is my fathers will,
To marry me vnto *Segaſto*,
One whoſe wealth through Fathers former vſurie,
Is knowne to be no leſſe then wonderfull:
We both of cuſtome oftentimes did vſe,
(Leauing the Court) to walke within the fields
For recreation, eſpecially the Spring,
In that it yeelds great ſtore of rare delights:
And paſſing further then our wonted walkes,
Scarce entred within theſe luckleſſe woods,
But right before vs downe a ſteepfall hill,
A monſtrous vgly Beare did hye him faſt
To meet vs both: I faint to tell the reſt.
Good Shepheard but ſuppoſe the ghaſtly lookes,
The hideous feares, the hundred thouſand woes
Which at this inſtant *Amadine* ſuſtain'd.
Muce. Yet worthy Princeſſe let thy ſorrow ceaſe,
And let this ſight your former ioyes reuiue.
Ama. Beleeue me Shepheard, ſo it doth no leſſe.
Muce. Long may they laſt vnto your hearts content.
But tell me Lady, what is become of him,
Segaſto cal'd; what is become of him?

Ama.

Ama. I know not I, that know the powers diuine,
But God grant this that ſweet *Segaſto* liue.
Muce. Yet hard hearted he in ſuch a caſe,
So cowardly to ſaue himſelfe by flight,
And leaue ſo braue a Princeſſe to the ſpoile.
Ama. Well Shepheard for thy worthy valour tried,
Endangering thy ſelfe to ſet me free,
Vnrecompenced ſure thou ſhalt not be:
In Court thy courage ſhall be plainly knowne,
Throughout the Kingdome will I ſpread thy name,
To thy renowne and neuer dying fame:
And that thy courage may be better knowne,
Beare thou the head of this moſt monſtrous beaſt
In open ſight to euery Courtiers view:
So will the King my father thee reward.
Come let's away, and guard me to the Court.
Muce. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segaſto ſolus.

Segaſt. When heapes of harmes do houer ouer head,
Tis time as then (ſome ſay) to looke about,
And of enſuing harmes to chuſe the leaſt:
But hard, yea hapleſſe is that wretches chance,
Luckleſſe his lot, and caitiffe-like accurſt,
At whoſe proceedings Fortune euer frownes:
My ſelfe I meane, moſt ſubiect vnto thrall:
For I, the more I ſeeke to ſhun the worſt,
The more by proofe I finde my ſelfe accurſt.
Erewhiles aſſaulted with an vgly Beare,
Faire *Amadine* in companie all alone;
Forthwith by flight I thought to ſaue my ſelfe,
Leaning my *Amadine* vnto her ſhifts:
For death it was for to reſiſt the Beare,
And death no leſſe of *Amadines* harmes to heare.
Accurſed I, in lingring life thus long:
In liuing thus each minute of an houre
Doth pierce my heart with darts of thouſand deaths:
If ſhe by flight her furie doth eſcape,
What will ſhe thinke?

Will she not say, yea flatly to my face,
Accusing me of meere disloyaltie,
A trustie friend is tride in time of need:
But I, when she in danger was of death,
And needed me, and cride; *Segasto* helpe,
I turn'd my backe and quickly ran away,
Vnworthy I to beare this vitall breath,
But what, what need these plaints?
If *Amadine* doe liue then happy I,
She will in time forgiue, and so forget:
Amadine is mercifull, not *Iuno* like,
In harmefull hearts to harbour hatred long.

Enter Monse the Clowne running, crying clubs.

Mon. Clubs, Prongs, Pitchforks, Bils: Oh helpe,
A Beare, a Beare, a Beare.

Seg. Still Beares, and nothing but Beares.
Tell me Sirra where she is.

Clow. O sir, she is run downe the woods,
I saw her white head, and her white belly.

Segast. Thou talk'st of wonders to tell me of white Beares.
But sirra, didst thou euer see any such?

Clow. No faith, I neuer saw any such:
But I remember my fathers words,
He bade me take heed I was not caught with the white Beare.

Segast. A lamentable tale no doubt.

Clow. Ile tell you what sir, as I was going a field to serue my fathers great Horse, and carried a bottle of hay vpon my head: Now doe you see sir, I fast hudwinkt that I could see nothing. I perceiuing the Beare comming, I threw my hay into the hedge and ran away.

Segast. What, from nothing?

Clow. I warrant you yes, I saw something: for there was two load of thornes beside my bottle of hay, and that made three.

Segast. But tell me sirrah: the Beare that thou didst see,
Did she not beare a bucket on her arme?

Clow. Ha, ha, ha, I neuer saw a Beare go a milking in all my life.
But harke you sir, I did not looke so hie as her arme,
I saw nothing but her white head, and her white belly.

Segast. But tell me sirra: where dost thou dwell?

Clow. Why, do you not know me?

Segast. Why no, how should I know thee?

Clow. Why then you know no bodie, and you know not me: I tell you sir I am goodman Rats sonne of the next Parish ouer the hill.

Segast. Goodman Rats sonne, whats thy name?

Clow. Why I am very neere kin vnto him.

Segast. I thinke so, but whats thy name?

Clow. My name? I haue a very pretty name. Ile tell you what my name is: My name is *Mouse*.

Segast. What plaine *Mouse*?

Clow. I, plaine *Mouse* without either welt or gard. But do you heare sir, I am a very young Mouse, for my taile is scarce growne out yet: looke here else.

Segast. But I pray you, who gaue you that name?

Clow. Faith sir, I know not that, but if you would faine know, aske my fathers great Horse, for he hath beene halfe a yeere longer with my father then I haue beene.

Segast. This seemes to be a merry fellow,
I care not if I take him home with me:
Mirth is a comfort to a troubled minde.
A merry man a merry master makes.
How saist thou sirrah, wilt thou dwell with me?

Clow. Nay soft sir, two words to a bargaine. Pray you what Occupation are you?

Segast. No occupation, I liue vpon my lands.

Clow. Your lands? away, you are no Master for me. Why do you thinke that I am so mad to go seeke my liuing in the lands among the stones, bryers, and bushes, and teare my holiday apparell? Not I by your leaue.

Segast. Why I do not meane thou shalt. *Clo.* How then?

Segast. Why thou shalt be my man, and wait on me at Court.

Clow. Whats that? *Segast.* Where the King lies.

Clow. What is that King, a man or a woman?

Segast. A man as thou art.

Clow. As I am: Harke you sir, pray you what kin is hee to goodman King of our Parish the Churchwarden?

Segaſt. No kin to him, he is the King of the whole Land.

Clow. King of the Land, I neuer ſaw him.

Seg. If thou wilt dwell with me, thou ſhalt ſee him euery day.

Clo. Shall I go home againe to be torne in pieces with Bears? No not I, I will goe home and put on a cleane ſhirt, and then go drowne my ſelfe.

Seg. Thou ſhalt not need, if thou wilt dwell with me thou ſhalt want nothing.

Clow. Shall I not? then heres my hand, Ile dwell with you: And harke you ſir, now you haue entertained me, I will tell you what I can doe, I can keepe my tongue from pickng and ſtealing, and my hands from lying and ſlandering, I warrant you as well as euer you had any man in your life.

Segaſt. Now will I to Court with ſorrowfull heart rounded with doubts: If *Amadine* doe liue, then happy I; yea happy I if *Amadine* doe liue.

Enter the King with a young priſoner, Amadine, Tremelio, with Collin and Counſellors.

King. Now braue Lords, our warres are brought to end,
Our foes the foyle, and we in ſafetie reſt;
It vs behoues to vſe ſuch clemencie in peace,
As valour in the warres;
Tis as great honour to be bountifull at home,
As conquerours in the field.
Therefore my Lords, the more to my content,
Your liking, and our Countries ſafeguard,
We are diſpos'd in Mariage for to giue
Our Daughter vnto Lord *Segaſto* here,
Who ſhall ſucceed the Diademe after me,
And reigne hereafter, as I tofore haue done,
Your ſole and lawfull King of *Aragon*.
What ſay you Lordings, like you of my aduice?

Col. An't pleaſe your Maieſtie, we doe not only allow of your Highneſſe pleaſure, but alſo vow faithfully in what we may, to further it.

King. Thanks good my Lords, if long *Adraſtus* liue,
He will at full requite your courteſies.
Tremelio, in recompence of thy late valour done,

Take

Take vnto thee the *Catelone* a Prince
Lately our priſoner taken in the warres:
Be thou his keeper, his ranſome ſhall be thine:
Wee'll thinke of it when leaſure ſhall afford:
Meane while doe vſe him well, his father is a King.

Tre. Thanks to your Maieſtie, his vſage ſhall be ſuch,
As he thereat ſhall haue no cauſe to grutch. *Exit.*

King. Then march we one to Court, and reſt our wearied limbs,
But *Collin*, I haue a tale in ſecret fit for thee,
When thou ſhalt heare a watch-word from thy King,
Thinke then ſome weighty matter is at hand,
That highly ſhall concerne our State:
Then *Collin*, looke thou be not farre from me,
And for thy ſeruice thou tofore haſt done,
Thy truth and valour prou'd in euery point,
I ſhall with bounties thee inlarge therefore.
So guard vp to the Court.

Coll. What ſo my Soueraigne doth command me doe,
With willing minde I gladly yeeld conſent. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segaſt, and the Clowne with weapons about him.

Seg. Tell me ſirrah, how doe you like your weapons?

Clow. O very well, very well, they keepe my ſides warme.

Seg. They keepe the dogs from your ſhins well, do they not?

Clow. How, keep the dogs from my ſhins, I would ſcorne but my ſhins ſhould keepe the dogs from them.

Seg. Well, ſirrah leauing idle talke, tell me,
Doſt thou know Captaine *Tremelios* chamber?

Clow. I very well, it hath a doore.

Seg. I thinke ſo, for ſo hath euery chamber:
But doſt thou know the man?

Clow. I forſooth, he hath a noſe on his face.

Seg. Why ſo hath euery one. *Clo.* Thats more then I know.

Seg. But doſt thou remember the Captaine that was here with the King, that brought the young Prince priſoner?

Clow. O very well.

Seg. Goe to him, and bid him come vnto me:
Tell him I haue a matter in ſecret to impart to him.

Clow. I will Maſter, what's his name?

Segaſt.

Segaſt. Why Captaine *Tremelio?*

Clow. O, the Meale-man: I know him very well, He brings meale euery Saturday? But harke you Maſter, Muſt I bid him come to you, or muſt you come to him?

Segaſt. No ſirra, he muſt come to me.

Clow. Harke you Maſter, if he be not at home, What ſhall I do then?

Segaſt. Why then leaue word with ſome of his folkes.

Clow. O Maſter if there be no bodie within, I will leaue word with his Dog.

Segaſt. Why can his Dog ſpeake?

Clow. I cannot tell, wherefore doth he keep his chamber elſe?

Segaſt. To keepe out ſuch knaues as thou art.

Clow. Nay by Lady, then go your ſelfe.

Segaſt. You will go ſir, will you not?

Clow. Yes marry will I. O tis come to my head: And he be not within, Ile bring his chamber to you.

Segaſt. What, will you plucke downe the Kings houſe?

Clow. No by Lady, Ile know the price of it firſt. Maſter, it is ſuch a hard name I haue forgotten it againe: I pray you tell me his name.

Segaſt. I tell thee, Captaine *Tremelio.*

Clow. O Captaine treble knaue, Captaine treble knaue.

Enter Tremelio.

Tre. How now ſirra, doſt thou call me?

Clow. You muſt come to my Maſter, Captaine treble knaue.

Tre. My Lord *Segaſto* did you ſend for me?

Segaſt. I did *Tremelio.* Sirra about your buſineſſe.

Clow. I marry, whats that, can you tell?

Segaſt. No not well.

Clow. Marry then I can, ſtraight to the Kitchin-dreſſer to *Iohn* the Cooke, and get me a good piece of Beefe and Brewis, and then to the Buttery hatch to *Thomas* the Butler, for a Iacke of Beere: and there for an houre Ile ſo belabour my ſelfe, and therefore I pray you call me not till you thinke I haue done, I pray you good Maſter. *Exit.*

Segaſt. Well ſir away.

Tremelio, this it is, thou knoweſt the valour of *Segaſto*,

Spread

Spread through all the kingdome of *Aragon*,
And such as haue found triumph and fauours,
Neuer daunted at any time: but now a Shepheard,
Admired in Court for worthinesse,
And *Segastoes* honour laid aside:
My will therefore is this, that thou dost finde some meanes to worke the Shepheards death; I know thy strength sufficient to performe my desire, and to loue no otherwise then to reuenge my iniuries.

Tre. It is not the frownes of a Shepheard that *Tremelio* feares:
Therefore account it accomplish'd what I take in hand.

Segast. Thanks good *Tremelio*, and assure thy selfe,
What I promise, that I will performe.

Tre. Thanks good my Lord: And in good time,
See where he commeth: stand by a while,
And you shall see me put in practise your intended drift.
Haue at thee Swaine, if that I hit thee right.

Enter Mucedorus.

Muc. Vilde Coward, so without cause to strike a man;
Turne Coward turne: now strike and doe thy worst.

Mucedorus killeth him.

Segast. Hold Shepheard hold, spare him, kill him not:
Accursed villaine, tell me, what hast thou done?
Ah *Tremelio*, trustie *Tremelio*, I sorrow for thy death.
And since that thou liuing didst proue faithfull to *Segasto*,
So *Segasto* now liuing, will honour the dead
Corps of *Tremelio* with reuenge.
Bloud-thirstie villaine, borne and bred in mercilesse murder,
Tell me, how durst thou be so bold,
As once to lay thy hands vpon the least of mine?
Assure thy selfe thou shalt be vs'd according to the Law.

Muce. Segasto cease, these threats are needlesse,
Accuse me not of murder, that haue done nothing
But in mine owne defence.

Segast. Nay Shepheard, reason not with me,
I'le manifest thy fact vnto the King:
Whose doome will be thy death, as thou deseru'st.
What hoe: *Mouse* come away.

Enter Mouse.

Clow. Why how now, what's the matter?
I thought you would be calling before I had done.

Segaſt. Come helpe away with my friend.

Clow. Why is he drunk? can he not ſtand on his feet?

Segaſt. No he is not drunke, he is ſlaine.

Clow. Flaine? No by lady he is not ſlaine.

Segaſt. He is kil'd, I tell thee. (no longer.

Clow. What doe you vſe to kill your friends? I will ſerue you

Segaſt. I tell thee the Shepheard kil'd him.

Clow. O did he ſo? But Maſter, I will haue all his apparell if I carry him away. *Segaſt.* Why ſo thou ſhalt.

Clow. Come then I will helpe: Maſſe maſter, I thinke his mother ſung loobie to him, he is ſo heauy. *Exeunt.*

Muce. Behold the fickle ſtate of man, alwayes mutable, neuer at one.
Sometime we feede our fancies with the ſweet of our deſires:
Sometimes againe, wee feele the heat of extreme miſeries.
Now am I in fauour about the Court and Countrey,
To morow thoſe fauours will turne to frownes.
To day I liue reuenged on my foe,
To morrow I die, my foe reuenged on me. *Exit.*

Enter Bremo a wilde man.

Bremo. No paſſenger this morning? what not one?
A chance that ſeldome doth betall,
What not one? Then lie thou there,
And reſt thy ſelfe till I haue further neede:
Now *Bremo* ſith thy leaſure ſo affords,
An endleſſe thing who knowes not *Bremoes* ſtrength,
Who like a King commands within theſe woods?
The Beare, the Boare dare not abide his ſight,
But I aſſe away to ſaue themſelus by flight.
The Cryſtall waters in the Bubling Brookes,
When I come by doe ſwiftly ſlide away,
And claps themſelues in cloſets vnder bankes,
Afraid to looke bold *Bremo* in the face.
The aged Oakes at *Bremoes* breath doe bowe,
And all things elſe are ſtill at my command.

Elſe

Elſe what would I?
Rend them in peices, and pluck them from the earth,
And each way elſe I would reuenge my ſelfe.
Why who comes here, with whom I dare not fight?
Who fights with me and doth not die the death? not one.
What fauour ſhewes this ſturdy ſticke to thoſe
That here within theſe woods are combatants with me?
Why death, and nothing elſe but preſent death.
With reſtleſſe rage I wander through theſe woods,
No creature here, but feareth *Bremoes* force:
Man, woman, child, beaſt and bird,
And euery thing that doth approach my ſight,
Are forſt to fall, if *Bremo* once do frowne.
Come Cudgell come, my partner in my ſpoiles,
For here I ſee this day it will not be,
But when it falls that I encounter any,
One pat ſufficeth for to worke my will.
What comes not one? then lets be gone,
A time will ſerue when we ſhall better ſpeed. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Segaſto, the Shepherd, and the Clowne with others.

King. Shepherd, thou haſt heard thy accuſers,
Murther is laid to thy charge:
What canſt thou ſay? thou haſt deſerued death.

Muce. Dread Soueraigne I muſt needs confeſſe,
I ſlew this Captaine in mine owne defence,
Not of any malice, but by chance:
But mine accuſer hath a further meaning.

Segaſt. Words will not here preuaile,
I ſeeke for Iuſtice, and Iuſtice craues his death.

King. Shepherd thine owne confeſſion hath condemned thee.
Sirra take him away, and doe him to execution ſtraight.

Clow. So he ſhall, I warrant him:
But do you heare Maſter King: he is kin to a Monkie,
His necke is bigger then his head.

Segaſt. Come ſirra away with him,
And hang him about the middle.

Clow. Yes forſooth I warrant you, come you ſirra:
A, ſo like a ſheepe-biter a lookes.

Enter Amadine and a Boy with a Beares head.

Ama. Dread Soueraigne, and welbeloued Sire,
On bended knee I crane the life of this condemned Shepheard,
which heretofore preserued the life of thy sometime distressed
daughter.

King. Preserued the life of my sometime distressed daughter?
How can that be? I neuer knew the time
Wherein thou wast distrest: I neuer knew the day,
But that I haue maintained thy estate,
As best beseem'd the daughter of a King.
I neuer saw the Shepheard vntill now,
How comes it then that he preseru'd thy life?

Ama. Once walking with *Segasto* in the woods,
Further then our accustomed manner was,
Right before vs downe a steepe fall hill,
A monstrous vgly Beare did hye him fast
To meet vs both: now whether this be true,
I referre it to the credit of *Segasto.*

Seg. Most true an't like your Maiesty. *King.* How then?

Ama. The Beare being eager to obtaine his prey,
Made forward to vs with an open mouth,
As if he meant to swallow vs both at once:
The sight whereof did make vs both to dread:
But specially your daughter *Amadine,*
Who for I saw no succour incident
But in *Segastoes* valour, I grew desperate;
And he most coward like began to flye,
Lest me distrest to be deuour'd of him,
How say you *Segasto,* is it not true?

King. His silence verifies it to be true: what then?

Ama. Then I amaz'd distressed all alone,
Did hie me fast to scape that vgly Beare,
But all in vaine; for why he reached after me,
And hardly I did oft escape his pawes;
Till at the length this Shepheard came,
And brought to me his head. (Maiesty.
Come hither boy, loe here it is, which I doe present vnto your

King. The slaughter of this Beare deserues great fame.

Segast.

Segaſt. The ſlaughter of a man deſerues great blame.
King. Indeed occaſion oftentimes ſo falls out.
Segaſt. *Tremelio* in the warres (O King) preſerued thee:
Ama. The Shepheard in the woods (O King) preſerued me.
Segaſt. *Tremelio* fought when many men did yeeld.
Ama. So would the Shepheard had he beene in field.
Clow. So would my Maſter had he not run away.
Segaſt. *Tremelioes* force ſau'd thouſands from the foe.
Ama. The Shepheards force hath many thouſands moe.
Clow. Aye Shipſtickes nothing elſe.
King. *Segaſto* ceaſe to accuſe the Shepheard,
His worthineſſe deſerues a recompence:
All we are bound to doe the Shepheard good.
Shepheard, whereas it was my ſentence thou ſhouldſt dye,
So ſhall my ſentence ſtand, for thou ſhalt die.
Segaſt. Thanks to your Maieſty.
King. But ſoft *Segaſto*, not for this offence:
Long mayſt thou liue, and when the Siſters ſhall decree
To cut in twaine the twiſted threed of life,
Then let him die, for this I ſet him free,
And for thy valour I will honour thee.
Ama. Thanks to your Maieſty.
King. Come daughter let vs now depart to honour the worthy valour of the Shepheard, with our rewards. *Exeunt.*
Clow. O Maiſter heare you, you haue made a freſh hand now,
I thought you would beſhrew you: what will you do now?
You haue loſt me a good occupation by this meanes:
Faith Maſter now I cannot hang the Shepheard,
I pray you let me take paines to hang you,
It is but halfe an houres exerciſe.
Segaſt. You are fit in your knauery:
But ſith I cannot haue his life,
I will procure his baniſhment for euer Come on Sirra.
Clow. Yes forſooth, I come. Laugh at him I pray you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Muce. From *Amadine* and from her Fathers Court,
With gold and ſiluer and with rich rewards,
Flowing from the bankes of gold and treaſures:

More may I boast and say : but I
Was neuer Shepheard in such dignity.

Enter the Messenger and the Clowne.

Mes. All haile worthy Shepheard.

Clow. All raine lousie Shepheard.

Muce. Welcome my freinds, from whence come you ?

Mes. The King and *Amadine* greet thee well,
And after greeting done, bids thee depart the Court.
Shepheard be gone.

Clow. Shepheard take law-legs, fly away Shepheard.

Muce. Whose words are these, came these from *Amadine* !

Mes. I from *Amadine.* *Clow.* Aye from *Amadine.*

Muce. Ah luckless Fortune, worse then *Phaetons* tale,
My former blisse is now become my bale.

Clow. What wilt thou poison thy selfe ?

Muce. My former heauen is now become my hell.

Clow. The worst ale-house that euer I came in, in all my life.

Muce. What shall I doe.

Clow. Euen go hang thy selfe.

Muce. Can *Amadine* so churlishly command
To banish the Shepheard from her Fathers Court ?

Mes. What should Shepheards doe in the Court ?

Clow. What should Shepheards doe among vs ?
Haue not we Lords enough on vs in the Court ?

Muce. Why Shepheards are men and Kings are no more.

Mes. Shepheards are men and masters ouer their flocks.

Clow. Thats a lie, who paies them their wages then ?

Mes. Well, you are alwayes interrupting of me ;
But you were best to looke to him, lest you hang for him
When he is gone. *Exit.*

The Clowne sings.

Clow. And you shall hang for company,
For leauing me alone.
Shepheard stand forth and heare my sentence.
Shepherd be gone within three daies in paine of my displeasure.
Shepheard be gone, Shepheard be gone, be gone, be gone, be gone. Shepheard, Shepheard, Shepheard.

Muce. And must I go ? and must I needs depart ?

Yee goodly Groues partakers of my songs,
In time before when fortune did not frowne,
Powre forth your plaints, and waile a while with me:
And thou bright Sun the comfort of my cold,
Hide, hide thy face, and leaue me comfortlesse:
Yee wholesome hearbs and sweet smelling sauours,
Yea each thing else prolonging life of man,
Change, change your wonted course,
That I wanting your aid, in wofull sort may die.

Enter Amadine and Ariena her maid.

Ama. *Ariena*, if any bodie aske for me,
Make some excuse till I returne.

Ari. What and *Segasto* call?

Ama. Do you the like to him, I meane not to stay long. *Exit.*

Muce. This voice so sweet my pining spirits reuiues.

Ama. Shepherd well met, tell me how thou dost?

Muce. I linger life, yet wish for speedy death:

Ama. Shepherd although thy banishment already be decreed, and all against my will, yet *Amadine*.

Muce. Ah *Amadine*, to heare of banishment is death:
I double death to me: but since I must depart, one thing I craue.

Ama. Say on with all my heart.

Muce. That in absence either farre or neare,
You honour me as seruant to your name.

Ama. Not so. *Muce.* And why?

Ama. I honour thee as Soueraigne of my heart.

Muce. A Shepherd and a Soueraigne nothing like.

Ama. Yet like enough, where there is no dislike.

Muce. Yet great dislike, or else no banishment.

Ama. Shepherd, it is onely *Segasto* that procures thy banishment.

Muce. Vnworthy wights are more in iealousie.

Ama. Would God they would free thee from banishment,
Or likewse banish me.

Muce. Amen I say to haue your company.

Ama. Well Shepherd, sith thou suffersest thus for my sake,
With thee in exile also let me liue,
On this condition Shepherd thou canst loue.

Muce. No longer lone, no longer let me liue.

Ama.

More may I boaſt and ſay: but I
Was neuer Shepheard in ſuch dignity.

Enter the Meſſenger and the Clowne.

Meſ. All haile worthy Shepheard.

Clow. All raine louſie Shepheard.

Muce. Welcome my freinds, from whence come you?

Meſ. The King and *Amadine* greet thee well,
And after greeting done, bids thee depart the Court.
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In time before when fortune did not frowne,
Powre forth your plaints, and waile a while with me:
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Ama. Would God they would free thee from banishment,
Or likewse banish me.

Muce. Amen I say to haue your company.

Ama. Well Shepherd, sith thou suffersst thus for my sake,
With thee in exile also let me liue,
On this condition Shepherd thou canst loue.

Muce. No longer lone, no longer let me liue.

Ama.

Am. Of late I loued one in deed, but now I loue none but only
Muce. Thankes worthy Princesse: I burne likewise, (thee.
Yet smother vp the blast,
I dare not promise what I may performe.
Ama. Well Shepheard, harke what I shall say,
I will returne vnto my fathers Court,
There for to prouide me of such necessaries
As for my iourney I shall thinke most fit:
This being done, I will returne to thee;
Doe thou therefore appoint the place
Where we may meet.
Muce. Downe in the valley where I slew the Beare,
And there doth grow a faire broad branched Beech
That ouershades a Well, so who comes first,
Let him abide the happy meeting of vs both.
How like you this? *Ama.* I like it well.
Muce. Now if you please you may appoint the time.
Ama. Full three houres hence, God willing I will returne.
Muce. The thanks that *Paris* gaue the Grecian Queene,
The like doth *Mucedorus* yeeld.
Ama. Then *Mucedorus* for three houres farewell. *Exit.*
Muce. Your departure Lady breeds a priuy paine. *Exit.*

Enter Segasto solus.

Segast. Tis well *Segasto* that thou hast thy will:
Should such a Shepheard, such a simple swaine as he,
Eclips thy credit, famous through the Court?
No, ply *Segasto* ply, let it not in *Aragon* be said,
A Shepheard hath *Segastos* honour won.

Enter Mouse the Clowne calling his Master.

Clow. What, hoe Master, will you come away?
Segast. Will you come hither I pray you, what is the matter?
Clow. Why is it not past eleuen of the clocke?
Segast. How then sir?
Clow. I pray you come away to dinner.
Segast. I pray you come hither.
Clow. Here's such a doe with you, will you neuer come?
Segast. I pray you sir, what newes of the message I sent you a-
Clow. I tell you all the messes be on the Table alreadie. (bout?

There

There wants not ſo much as a meſſe of Muſtard, halfe an houre
Segaſt. Come ſir your minde is all vpon your belly, (agoe.
You haue forgotten what I bade you doe.
Clow. Faith, I know nothing, but you bade me go to breakfaſt.
Segaſt. Was that all?
Clow. Faith I haue forgotten it, the very ſcent of the meat hath made me forget it quite.
Segaſt. You haue forgot the Arrand I bid you doe.
Clow. What Arrand, an arrant knaue or an arrant whore?
Segaſt. Why thou knaue, did I not bid thee baniſh the
Clow. O the Shepherds Baſtard. (Shepherd?
Segaſt. I tell thee the Shepherds baniſhment.
Clow. I tell you the Shepherds Baſtard ſhall be well kept, Ile looke to it my ſelfe, but I pray you come away to dinner.
Segaſt. Then you will not tell me whether you haue baniſhed him or no?
Clow. Why I cannot ſay baniſhment, if you would giue me a thouſand pounds to ſay ſo.
Segaſt. Why you whorſen ſlaue, haue you forgotten that I ſent you and another to driue away the Shepherd?
Clow. What an Aſſe are you? here's a ſtirre indeed: Here's Meſſage, Arrant, Baniſhment, and I cannot tell what.
Segaſt. I pray you ſir, ſhall I know whether you haue droue him away?
Clow. Faith I thinke I haue, and you will not beleeue me, aske my ſtaffe.
Segaſt. Why, can thy ſtaffe tell?
Clow. Why he was with me too.
Segaſt. Then happy I that haue obtain'd my will.
Clow. And happier I if you would go to dinner.
Segaſt. Come ſirra, follow me.
Clow. I warrant you I will not loſe an inch of you now you are going to dinner: I promiſe you I thought ſeuen yeeres before I could get him away.

Enter Amadine ſola.

Ama. God grant my long delay procures no harme,
Nor this my tarying fruſtrate my pretence:
My *Mucedorus* ſurely ſtayes for me,

And thinks me ouer-long, at length I come,
My preſent promiſe to performe:
Ah what a thing is firme vnſained loue!
What is it which true loue dares not attempt?
My father he may make, but I muſt match:
Segaſto loues, but *Amadine* muſt like
Where likes her beſt: compulſion is a thrall;
No, no, the hearty choice is all in all.
The Shepherds vertue *Amadine* eſteemes.
But what, me thinks the Shepherd is not come;
I muſe at that, the houre is at hand:
Well here Ile reſt till *Mucedorus* come. *She ſits downe.*

Enter Bremo looking about haſtily takes hold on her.

Bre. A happy prey; now *Bremo* feed on fleſh:
Dainties *Bremo*, dainties, thy hungry paunch to fill;
Now glut thy greedy guts with luke-warme bloud:
Come fight with me, I long to ſee thee dead.

Ama. How can ſhe fight that weapons cannot wield?

Bre. What canſt not fight? then lie thee downe and die.

Ama. What muſt I die?

Bre. What needs theſe words? I thirſt to ſucke thy bloud.

Ama. Yet pitty me and let me liue a while.

Bre. No pitty I, Ile feed vpon thy fleſh,
And teare thy body peece-meale ioynt by ioynt.

Ama. Ah now I want my Shepheards company.

Bre. Ile cruſh thy bones betweene two Oaken trees.

Ama. Haſte Shepheard haſte, or elſe thou com'ſt too late.

Bre. Ile ſucke the ſweetneſſe from thy marrow bones.

Ama. Ah ſpare, ah ſpare to ſhed my guiltleſſe bloud.

Bre. With this my Bat I will beat out thy braines:
Downe, downe I ſay, proſtrate thy ſelfe vpon the ground.

Ama. Then *Mucedorus* farewell, my hoped ioyes farewell;
Yea farewell life, and welcome preſent death. *She kneeles.*
To thee O God, I yeeld my dying ghoſt.

Bre. Now *Bremo* play thy part.
How now? what ſudden chance is this?
My limbes doe tremble, and my ſinewes ſhake;

My vnweakened armes haue loſt their former force:
Ah *Bremo, Bremo*, what a ſoile hadſt thou,
That yet at no time waſt afraid
To dare the greateſt gods to fight with thee, *He ſtrikes.*
And now wants ſtrength for one downe driuing blow?
Ah how my courage failes when I ſhould ſtrike;
Some new-come ſpirit abiding in my breſt,
Saith ſpare her *Bremo*, ſpare her, do not kill;
Shall I ſpare her that neuer ſpared any?
To it *Bremo*, to it; ſay againe:
I cannot wield my weapons in my hand,
Me thinks I ſhould not ſtrike ſo faire a one:
I thinke her beauty hath bewitcht my force,
Or elſe within me altred natures courſe.
Ay woman, wilt thou liue in woods with me?

Ama. Faine would I liue, yet loth to liue in woods.

Bre. Thou ſhalt not chooſe, it ſhall be as I ſay,
And therefore follow me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Muce It was my will an houre agoe and more,
As was my promiſe for to make returne;
But other buſineſſe hindred my pretence.
It is a world to ſee, when man appoints,
And purpoſely one certaine thing decrees,
How many things may hinder his intent:
What one would wiſh, the ſame is fartheſt off,
But yet the appointed time cannot be paſt,
Nor hath her preſence yet preuented me:
Well here Ile ſtay and expect her comming.

They cry within, hold him, hold him.

Some one or other is purſude no doubt,
Perhaps ſome ſearch for me, tis good to doubt the worſt:
Therefore Ile be gone. *Exit.*

Cry within hold him, hold him: enter Monſe the Clowne with a Pot.

Clow. Hold him, hold him, hold him: heer's a ſtir indeed: here came hue after the Crier, & I was ſet cloſe at mother *Nips* houſe

and there I cal'd for three pots of Ale, as 'tis the manner of vs Courtiers : Now ſirrah, I had taken the maiden-head of two of them, and as I was lifting vp the third to my mouth, there came hold him, hold him: now I could not tell whom to catch hold on, but I am ſure I caught one, perchance a may be in this pot : Well Ile ſee, maſſe I cannot ſee him yet : well Ile looke a little further ; maſſe he is a little ſlaue if a bee here : why heres no body ; all this is well yet. But if the old Trot ſhould come for her Pot, I marry there's the matter : but I care not, Ile face her out, and call her old ruſty, duſty, muſty, fuſty, cruſty Fire-brand ; and worſe then all that, and ſo face her out of her Pot : but ſoft here ſhe comes.

Enter the old woman.

Old. Come you knaue, wheres my Pot you knaue?

Clow. Go looke your Pot, come not to me for your Pot twere good for you.

Old. Thou lieſt thou knaue, thou haſt my Pot.

Clow. You lie and you ſay it, I your pot? I know what Ile ſay.

Old. What wilt thou ſay?

Clow. But ſay I haue it and thou darſt.

Old. Why thou knaue thou haſt not onely my Pot but my drinke vnpaid for.

Clow. You lie like an old : I will not ſay whore.

Old. Doſt thou call me whore? Ile cap thee for my Pot.

Clow. Cap me and thou dareſt :
Search me whether I haue it or no.

She ſearcheth him, and he drinketh ouer her head, and caſteth down the Pot, ſhe ſtumbleth at it: and then they fall together by the eares ſhe takes vp her Pot and runnes out.

Enter Segaſto.

Segaſt. How now ſirra whats the matter?

Clow. O flies Maſter flies.

Segaſt. Flies, where are they?

Clow. O here Maſter, all about your face.

Segaſt. Why thou lieſt, I thinke thou art mad.

Clow. Why Maſter I haue kild a dung-cart full at the leaſt.

Segaſt. Go to ſirra, leaue this idle talke, giue eare to me.

Clow. How, giue you one of my eares.

Not

Not an you were ten maſters.

Segaſt. Why ſir I pray you giue eare to my words.

Clow. I tell you I will not be made a Curtall for no mans plea-
Segaſt. I tell thee attend what I ſhall ſay. (ſure.
Go thy wayes ſtraight and reare the whole towne.

Clow. How, reare the whole towne ? euen go your ſelfe, it is more then I can doe ; Why do you thinke I can reare a towne, that can ſcarce reare a Pot of Ale to my head,
I ſhould reare a towne, ſhould I not ?

Segaſt. Goe to the Conſtable and make a priuie ſearch,
For the Shepherd is run away with the Kings daughter.

Clow. How, is the Shepherd run away with the Kings daughter, or is the Kings daughter run away with the Shepherd.

Segaſt. I cannot tell, but they are both gone together.

Clow. What a foole is ſhe to run away with the Shepherd ; why I thinke I am a little handſomer man then the Shepherd my ſelfe : But tell mee Maſter, muſt I make a priuie ſearch, or ſearch in the priuie ?

Segaſt. Why doeſt thou thinke they will be there ?

Clow. I cannot tell.

Segaſt. Well then ſearch euery where,
Leaue no place vnſearcht for them.

Clow. Oh now I am in office : now will I to that old Firebrands houſe, and will not leaue one place vnſearched : Nay Ile to the Ale ſtand, and drinke ſo long as I can ſtand ; and when I haue done, Ile let out all the reſt, to ſee if he be not hid in the Barrell; & if I finde him not there, Ile to to the Cupbord, Ile not leaue one corner of her houſe vnſearcht, ifaith yee old Cruſt,
I will be with you now. *Exit*

Sound Muſicke.

Enter the King of Valentia, Anſelmo, Roderigo, Lord Barachius, with others.

King Va. Enough of Muſicke, it but addes to torment,
Delights to vexed ſpirits are as dates
Set to a ſicke man, which rather cloy then comfort.
Let me intreat you to intreat no more. *Muſicke*
Rod. Let your ſtrings ſleepe, haue done there : *ceaſeth.*
King Va. Mirth to a ſoule diſturb'd, are Embers turn'd.

Which

Which ſodaine gleame with moleſtation,
But ſooner loſe their ſight for't.
Tis gold beſtowd vpon a Rioter,
Which not relieues, but murders him.
Tis a drugge giuen to the healthfull,
Which infects not cures.
How can a Father that hath loſt his Sonne,
A Prince both wiſe, vertuous, and valiant,
Take pleaſure in the idle acts of Time?
No, no, till *Mucedorus* I ſhall ſee againe,
All ioy is comfortleſſe, all pleaſure paine.
Anſel. Your Sonne (my Lord) is well.
King Va. I prethee, ſpeake that thrice.
Anſel. The Prince your Sonne is ſafe.
King Va. O where *Anſelmo?* ſurfet me with that.
Anſel. In *Aragon* my Liege: and at his parting
Bound my ſecrecy
By his affectious loue not to diſcloſe it;
But care of him, and pitty of your age,
Makes my tongue blab what my breſt vowd concealement.
King Va. Thou not deceiu'ſt me,
I euer thought thee what I finde thee now,
An vpright loyall man.
But what deſire, or young-fed humor
Nurſt within his braine,
Drew him ſo priuately to *Aragon?*
Anſel. A forcing Adamant,
Loue mixt with feare and doubtfull; iealouſie,
Whether report gilded a worthleſſe Trunke,
Or *Amadine* deſeru'd her high extolment.
King Va. See our prouiſion be in readineſſe,
Collect vs followers of the comelieſt hue
For our chiefe guardians, we will thither wend;
The Chriſtall eye of Heauen ſhall not thrice winke,
Nor the greene Floud ſix times his ſhoulders turne,
Till we ſalute the *Aragonian* King.
Muſicke ſpeake loudly now, the ſeaſon's apt,
For former dolours are in pleaſures wrapt. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Mucedorus to disguise himselfe.

Muce. Now *Mucedorus* whither wilt thou goe?
Home to thy father, to thy natiue soile,
Or trye some long abode within these woods?
Well, I will hence depart and hie me home.
What hie me home said I? that may not be:
In *Amadine* rests my felicity.
Then *Mucedorus* do as thou didst decree,
Attire thee Hermite-like within these Groues:
Walke often to the Beech, and view the Well,
Make settles there and seat thy selfe thereon:
And when thou feel'st thy selfe to be a thirst,
Then drinke a hearty draught to *Amadine*,
No doubt shee thinks on thee,
And will one day come pledge thee at this Well.
Come habite thou art fit for me: *He disguiseth himselfe.*
No Shepheard now, an Hermite must I be,
Me thinks this fits me very well;
Now must I learne to beare a walking staffe,
And exercise some grauitie withall.

Enter the Clowne.

Clow. Heres through the woods and through the woods,
To looke out a Shepheard, and a stray Kings daughter:
But soft, who haue we here? what art thou?

Muce. I am an Hermite.

Clow. An Emmet? I neuer saw such a big Emmet in all my life before.

Muce. I tell you sir, I am an Hermite,
One that leads a solitary life within these woods.

Clow. O I know thee now, thou art he that eates vp all the Hippes, and Hawes: we could not haue one peece of fat Bacon for thee all this yeare.

Muce. Thou dost mistake me:
But I pray thee tell mee, whom thou dost seeke in these woods?

Clow. What do I seeke? for a stray Kings daughter,
Run away with a Shepheard.

Muce. A stray Kings daughter, run away with a Shepheard,
Wherefore, canst thou tell?

Clow.

Clow. Yes that I can, 'tis this; my Maſter and *Amadine* walking one day abroad, neerer theſe woods then they were vſed (about what I cannot tell) but towards them comes running a great Beare: Now my Maſter plaid the man, and ran away, and *Amadine* crying after him: now ſir, comes me a Shepherd, and he ſtrikes of the Beares head, now whether the beare were dead before or no I cannot tell, for bring twenty Beares before mee, and binde there hands and feet, and Ile kill them all: now euer ſince *Amadine* hath beene in loue with the Shepherd, and for good will ſhee's euen run away with the Shepherd.

Muce. What maner of man was he? canſt deſcribe him vnto me?

Clow. Scribe him, aye I warrant you that I can; a was a little, low, broad, tall, narrow, bigge, well-fauoured fellow, a ierkin of white cloth, and buttons of the ſame cloth.

Muce. Thou deſcribeſt him well, but if I chance to ſee any ſuch, pray you where ſhall I finde you or whats your name?

Clow. My name is called Maſter *Monſe.*

Muce. Oh Maſter *Monſe*, I pray you what Office might you beare in the Court?

Clow. Marrie ſir, I am Ruſher of the Stable.

Muce. Oh, Vſher of the Table.

Clow. Nay I ſay Ruſher, and Ile proue mine office good: for looke you ſir, when any comes from vnder the Sea or ſo, and a dogge chance to blowe his noſe backward, then with a whip I giue him the good time of the day, and ſtrow Ruſhes preſently, therefore I am a Ruſher: a high Office I promiſe yee.

Muce. But where ſhall I finde you in the Court?

Clow. Why where it is beſt being, either in Kitching eating, or in the Buttery drinking: but if you come, I will prouide for thee a peece of Beefe and Brewes knuckle deepe in fat: pray you take paines, remember Maſter *Monſe.* *Exit.*

Muce. Aye ſir, I warrant I will not forget you.
Ah *Amadine*, what ſhould become of her?
Whither ſhouldſt thou go ſo long vnknowne?
With watch and ward each paſſage is beſet,
So that ſhe cannot long eſcape vnknowne.
Doubtleſſe ſhe hath loſt herſelfe within theſe woods,
And wandring to and fro ſhe ſeekes the Well,

Which

Which yet ſhe cannot finde, therefore will I ſeeke her out. *Exit.*

Enter Bremo and Amadine.

Bre. Amadine, how like you *Bremo* and his woods?

Ama. As like the woods of *Bremoes* cruelty:
Though I were dumbe and could not anſwer him,
The Beaſts themſelues would with relenting teares,
Bewaile thy ſauage and inhumane deeds.

Bre. My loue, why doſt thou murmure to thy ſelfe?
Speake louder, for thy *Bremo* heares thee not.

Ama. My *Bremo*, no, the Shepheard is my Loue.

Brem. Haue I not ſaued thee from ſudden death,
Giuen thee leaue to liue that thou mightſt loue,
And doſt thou whet me on to crueltie?
Come kiſſe me (ſweet) for all my fauours paſt.

Ama. I may not *Bremo*, therefore pardon me.

Brem. See how ſhee flies away from me,
I will follow and giue attend to her.
Denie my loue? A worme of Beauty,
I will chaſtiſe thee: come, come,
Prepare thy head vpon the blocke.

Ama. O ſpare me *Bremo*, loue ſhould limit life,
Not to be made a murderer of himſelfe.
If thou wilt glut thy louing heart with bloud,
Encounter with the Lion or the Beare:
And like a Wolfe prey not vpon a Lambe.

Brem. Why then doſt thou repine at me?
If thou wilt lone me thou ſhalt be my Queene,
Ile crowne thee with a chaplet made of Iuory,
And make the Roſe and Lilly wait on thee:
Ile rend the burley branches from the Oake,
To ſhadow thee from burning Sunne.
The Trees ſhall ſpread themſelues where thou doſt goe,
And as they ſpread, Ile trace along with thee.

Ama. You may, for who but you?

Bre. Thou ſhalt be fed with Quailes and Partriches,
With Black-birds, Larks, Thruſhes, and Nightingales,
Thy drinke ſhall be Goats-milke, and Chriſtall water
Diſtilling from the Fountaines and the cleareſt Springs:

And all the dainties that the woods affoord,
Ile freely giue thee, to obtaine thy loue.
Ama. You may, for who but you?
Bre. The day Ile spend to recreate my loue,
With all the pleasures that I can deuise:
And in the night Ile be thy bedfellow,
And louingly embrace thee in mine armes.
Ama. One may, so may not you.
Bre. The Satyrs and the wood-Nimphs shall attend on thee,
And lull thee asleepe with Musicke sound,
And in the morning when thou dost awake,
The Larke shall sing, good morrow to my Queene:
And whilst he sings, Ile kisse mine *Amadine.*
Ama. You may, for who but you?
Bre. When thou art vp the wood-lanes shall be strowed
With Violets, Cowslips, and sweet Marigolds,
For thee to trample and to tread vpon:
And I will teach thee how to kill the Deere,
To chase the Hart, and how to rouze the Roe,
If thou wilt liue to loue and honour me.
Ama. You may, for who but you?

Enter Mucedorus.

Brem. Welcome sir, an houre ago I lookt for such a guest:
Be merry wench, weele haue a frolick feast,
Heres flesh enough for to suffice vs both,
Say sirra, wilt thou fight, or dost thou meane to die?
Muce. I want a weapon, how can I fight?
Bre. Thou wantst a weapon, why then thou yeeldst to die.
Muce. I say not so, I do not yeeld to die.
Bre. Thou shalt not choose, I long to see thee dead.
Ama. Yet spare him *Bremo*, spare him.
Bre. Away I say, I will not spare him.
Muce. Yet giue me leaue to speake.
Bre. Thou shalt not speake.
Ama. Yet giue him leaue to speake for my sake.
Bre. Speake on, but be not ouer long.
Muce. In time of yore when men like brutish beasts
Did lead their liues in loathsome Celles and woods,

And

And wholly giue themſelues to witleſſe will:
A rude vnruly rout, then man to man became
A preſent prey, then might preuailed,
The weakeſt went to walls:
Right was vnknowne, for wrong was all in all.
As men thus liued in their great outrage,
Behold, one *Orpheus* came (as Poets tell)
And them from rudeneſſe vnto reaſon brought,
Who led by Reaſon, ſoone forſooke the Woods,
In ſtead of Caues, they built them Caſtles ſtrong,
Cities and Townes were founded by them then:
Glad were they they found ſuch eaſe,
And in the end they grew to perfect amity.
Waying their former wickednesſe,
They term'd the time wherein they liued then,
A golden age, a good golden age.
Now *Bremo* (for ſo heard I thee call'd)
If men which liued tofore, as thou doſt now,
Wilde in wood, addicted all to ſpoile,
Returned were by worthy *Orpheus* meanes,
Let me (like *Orpheus*) cauſe thee to returne
From murther, bloud-ſhed, and like cruelties.
What, ſhould we fight before we haue a cauſe?
No, lets liue and loue together faithfully:
Ile fight for thee.

Bremo. Fight for me, or die: or fight, or elſe thou dieſt.

Ama. Hold *Bremo* hold.

Bremo. Away I ſay, thou troubleſt me.

Ama. You promiſed me to make me Queene.

Bremo. I did, I meane no leſſe.

Ama. You promiſed that I ſhould haue my will.

Bremo. I did, I meane no leſſe.

Ama. Then ſaue the Hermites liſe, for he may ſaue vs both.

Bremo. At thy requeſt Ile ſaue him, but neuer any after him.
Say Hermite, what canſt thou doe?

Muce. Ile wait on thee, ſometime vpon thy Queene,
Such ſeruice ſhalt thou ſhortly haue, as *Bremo* neuer had.

Exeunt.

Enter Segaſto, the Clowne, and Rumbelo.

Segaſt. Come ſirs, what, ſhall I neuer haue you finde out *Amadine* and the Shepheard?

Clow. I haue beene through the woods and through the woods, and could ſee nothing but an Emmet.

Rum. Why I ſee a thouſand Emmets, thou meanſt a little one.

Clow. Nay, that Emmet that I ſaw was bigger then thou art.

Rum. Bigger then I, what a foole haue you to your man? I pray you Maſter turne him away.

Segaſt. But doſt thou heare, was he not a man?

Clow. I thinke he was, for he ſaid he did lead a Saltſellers life round about the woods.

Segaſt. Thou wouldſt ſay, a ſolitarie life about the wood.

Clow. I thinke ſo it was indeed.

Rum. I thought what a foole thou art.

Clow. Thou art a wiſe man: why he did nothing but ſleepe ſince he went.

Segaſt. But tell me *Mouſe*, how did he goe?

Clow. In a white Gowne, and a white hat on his head,
And a ſtaffe in his hand.

Segaſt. I thought ſo, he was a Hermit, that walked a ſolitarie life in the woods.
Well, get you to dinner, and after, neuer leaue ſeeking, till you bring ſome newes of them, or Ile hang you both. *Exit.*

Clow. How now *Rumbelo*, what ſhall we doe now?

Rum. Faith Ile home to dinner, and afterward to ſleepe.

Clow. Why then thou wilt be hanged.

Rum. Faith I care not, for I know I ſhall neuer finde them:
Well, Ile once more abroad; and if I cannot finde them,
Ile neuer come home againe.

Clow. I tell thee what *Rumbelo*, thou ſhalt goe in at one end of the wood, and I at the other, and we will both meet together in the midſt

Rum. Content, lets away to dinner. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Muc. Vnknowne to any, here within theſe woods
With bloudy *Bremo* doe I lead my life;
The Monſter he doth murder all he meets,

He

He ſpareth none, and none doth him eſcape:
Who would continue, who but only I,
In ſuch a cruell cut-throats company?
Yet *Amadine* is there, how can I chuſe?
Ah ſilly ſoule, how oftentimes ſhe ſits,
And ſighs, and calls, Come Shepheard come:
Sweet *Mucedorus* come ſet me free,
When *Mucedorus* (Peaſan) ſtands her by;
But here ſhe comes: What newes faire Ladie,
As you walke theſe woods? *Enter Amadine.*

Ama. Ah Hermite, none but bad,
And ſuch as thou knoweſt.

Muce. How doe you like your *Bremo* and his woods?

Ama. Not my *Bremo*, nor his *Bremo* woods.

Muce. And why not yours? me thinks he loues you well.

Ama. I like not him, his loue to me is nothing worth.

Muce. Lady, in this me thinks you offer wrong,
To hate the man that euer loues you beſt.

Ama. Ah Hermite, I take no pleaſure in his loue,
Neither doth *Bremo* like me beſt.

Muce. Pardon my boldneſſe, faire Lady, ſith we both
May ſafely talke now out of *Bremoes* ſight:
Vnfold to me, if ſo you pleaſe, the full diſcourſe,
How, when, and why you came into theſe woods,
And fell into this bloudie Butchers hands.

Ama. Hermite I will: Of late a worthy Shepheard I did loue.

Muce. A Shepheard (Lady) ſure a man vnfit to match with (you.

Ama. Hermite, this is true: and when we had

Muce. Stay there, the wilde man comes,
Referre the reſt vntill another time.

Enter Bremo.

Bre. What ſecret tale is this? what whiſpring haue we here?
Villaine, I charge thee tell thy tale againe.

Muce. If needs I muſt, loe here it is againe.
When as we both had loſt the ſight of thee,
It grieu'd vs both, but ſpecially thy Queene;
Who in thy abſence euer feares the worſt,
Leſt ſome miſchance befall your Royall Grace.

Shall my ſweet *Bremo* wander through the wood,
Toyle too and fro, for to redreſſe my want,
Hazard his life, and all to cheriſh me?
I like not this, quoth ſhee:
And thereupon crau'd to know of me,
If I could teach her handle weapons well.
My anſwer was, I had ſmall skill therein;
But gladſome (mighty King) to learne of thee:
And this was all.

Bremo. Waſt ſo, none can miſlike of this:
Ile teach you both to fight, but firſt my Queene begin:
Here take this weapon ſee how thou canſt vſe it.

Ama. This is too big, I cannot weild it in my arme.

Bremo. Is't ſo? we'ele haue a knotty Crab-tree ſtaffe for thee:
But ſirra, tell me, what ſayeſt?

Muce. With all my heart I willing am to learne.

Bremo. Then take my ſtaffe and ſee how thou canſt wield it.

Muce. Firſt teach me how to hold it in my hand,

Bremo. Thou holdeſt it well: looke how he doth,
Thou mayeſt the ſooner learne.

Muce. Next tell how, and when tis beſt to ſtrike.

Bremo. Tis beſt to ſtrike when time doth ſerue,
Tis beſt to loſe no time.

Muce. Then now or neuer it is time to ſtrike.

Bremo. And when thou ſtrikeſt be ſure to hit the head.

Muce. The head?

Bremo. The very head.

Muce. Then haue at thine. *He ſtrikes him downe dead:*
So, lie there and dye, a death (no doubt) according to deſert,
Or elſe a worſe, as thou deſerueſt worſe.

Ama. It glads my heart this Tyrants death to ſee.

Muce. Now Lady it remaines in you,
To end the tale you lately had begun,
Being interrupted by this wicked wight:
You ſaid you loued a Shepheard.

Ama. Iſo I doe, and none but only him:
And will do ſtill as long as life ſhall laſt.

Muce. But tell me Lady ſith I ſet you free,

What course of life do you intend to take?

Ama. I will disguised wander through the world,
Till I haue found him out.

Muce. How if you finde your Shepheard in these woods?

Ama. Ah! none so happy then as *Amadine.*

He discloseth himselfe.

Muce. In tract of time a man may alter much:
Say Lady, do you know your Shepheard well?

Ama My *Mucedorus:* hath he set me free?

Muce. He hath set thee free.

Ama. And liu'd so long vnknowne to *Amadine?*

Muce. Ay thats a question whereof you may not be resolued:
You know that I am banisht from the Court,
I know likewise each passage is beset,
So that we cannot long escape vnknowne:
Therefore my will is this that we returne
Right through the thickets to the Wild mans Caue,
And there a while liue on his prouision,
Vntill the search and narrow watch be past:
This is my counsell, and I like it best.

Ama. I thinke the very same.

Muce. Come, let's be gone.

The Clowne searcheth, and falls ouer the Wild man, and so carries him away.

Clow. Nay soft sir, are you here? a bots on you:
I was like to be hang'd for not finding of you:
We would borrow a certaine stray Kings daughter of you,
A wench, a wench sir we would haue.

Muce. A wench of me? Ile make thee eat my sword.

Clow. O Lord, nay, and you are so lusty Ile call a cooling card for you: O Master, Master, I come away quickly.

Enter Segasto.

Segast. Whats the matter?

Clow. Looke *Amadine* and the Shepheard: O braue.

Segast. What Minion haue I found you out?

Clow. Nay thats a lye, I found her out my selfe.

Segast. Thou gadding huswife, what cause hadst thou
To gad abroad?

When

When as thou knoweſt our wedding day ſo nie?
Ama. Not ſo *Segaſto*, no ſuch thing in hand:
Shew your aſſurance, then Ile anſwer you.
Segaſt. Thy fathers promiſe my aſſurance is.
Ama. But what he promis'd he hath not perform'd.
Segaſt. It reſts in thee for to performe the ſame.
Ama. Not I.
Segaſt. And why?
Ama. So is my will, and therefore euen no.
Clow. Maſter with anone, none ſo.
Segaſt. Ah wicked villaine, art thou here?
Muce. What need theſe words? we weigh them not.
Segaſt. We weigh them not, proud Shepheard I ſcorne thy
Clow. Weele not haue a corner of thy companie. (com panie.
Muce. I ſcorne not thee, nor yet the leaſt of thine.
Clow. Thats a lie, a would haue kild me with his pugs-nando.
Segaſt. This ſtoutneſſe *Amadine* contents me not.
Ama. Then ſeeke another that may you better pleaſe.
Muce. Well *Amadine* it onely reſts in thee,
Without delay to make thy choice of three:
There ſtands *Segaſto*, a ſecond here:
There ſtands the third: now make thy choice.
Clow. A Lord at the leaſt I am.
Ama. My choice is made, for I will none but thee.
Segaſt. A worthy mate (no doubt) for ſuch a wife.
Muce. And *Amadine* why wilt thou none but me?
I cannot keepe thee as thy Father did;
I haue no Lands for to maintaine thy ſtate:
Moreouer, if thou meane to be my Wife,
Commonly this muſt be thy vſe,
To bed at midnight, vp at foure:
Drudge all day, and trudge from place to place,
Whereby our daily victuall for to win:
And laſt of all, which is the worſt of all,
No Princeſſe then but a plaine Shepheards wife.
Clow. Then God gee you good morrow goody Shepheard.
Ama. It ſhall not need if *Amadine* doe liue,
Thou ſhalt be crowned King of *Aragon*.

Clow.

Clow. O Maſter laugh, when he is a King, Ile be a Queene.

Muc. Then know that which nere tofore was knowne:
I am no Shepherd, no *Aragonian* I,
But borne of Royall bloud: my Father's of *Valentia* King,
My Mother Queene; who for thy ſacred ſake
Tooke this hard taske in hand.

Ama. Ah how I ioy my fortune is ſo good.

Segeſt. Well now I ſee *Segaſto* ſhall not ſpeed,
But *Mucedorus*, I as much doe ioy
To ſee thee here within our Court of *Aragon*,
As if a Kingdome had befalne me this time:
I with my heart ſurrender her to thee.

He giues her to him.

And looke what right to *Amadine* I haue.

Clow. What barnes doore and borne where my Father was Conſtable? a bots on thee, how doſt thou?

Muc. Thankes *Segaſto*, but you leueld at the Crowne.

Clow. Maſter beare this and beare all.

Segaſt. Why ſo ſir?

Clow. He ſayes you take a gooſe by the crowne.

Segaſt. Go to ſir, away, poſt you to the King,
Whoſe heart is fraught with carefull doubts,
Glad him vp, and tell him theſe good newes,
And we will follow as faſt as we may.

Clow. I goe Maſter, I runne Maſter. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King and Collin.

King. Breake heart and end my pallid woes,
My *Amadine*, the comfort of my life;
How can I ioy except ſhee were in ſight?
Her abſence breeds great ſorrow to my ſoule,
And with a thunder breakes my heart in twaine.

Collin. Forbeare thoſe paſſions gentle King,
And you ſhall ſee 'twill turne vnto the beſt,
And bring your ſoule to quiet and to ioy.

King. Such ioy as Death, I doe aſſure me that,
And nought but death, except of her I heare,
And that with ſpeed, I cannot ſigh thus long:
But what a tumult doe I heare within?

They cry within, Ioy and happineſſe.

Collin. I heare a noyſe of ouer-paſſing ioy
Within the Court: my Lord be of good comfort,
And here comes one in haſte.

Enter the Clowne running.

Clow. A King, a King.

Col. Why how now ſirra, what's the matter?

Clow. O 'tis newes for a King, 'tis worth money.

King. Why ſirra, thou ſhalt haue ſiluer and gold if it be good.

Clow. O 'tis good, 'tis good *Amadine.*

King. O what of her? tell me, and I will make thee a Knight.

Clow. How, a Spright, no by Lady, I will not be a Spright.
Maſter get you away, if I be a Spright, I ſhall be ſo leane
I ſhall make you all afraid.

Col. Then (Sot) the King meanes to make thee a Gentleman.

Clow. Why I ſhall want Parrell.

King. Thou ſhalt want for nothing.

Clow. Then ſtand away, ſtrike vp thy ſelfe, here they come.

Enter Segaſto, Mucedorus, and Amadine.

Ama. My gracious Father, pardon thy diſloyall daughter.

King. What, doe mine eyes behold my daughter *Amadine?*
Riſe vp daughter, and let theſe imbracing armes
Shew ſome token of thy Fathers ioy,
Which euer ſince thy departure hath languſhed in ſorrow.

Ama. Deare Father neuer were your ſorrowes
Greater then my griefes:
Neuer you ſo deſolate, as I comfortleſſe:
Yet neuertheleſſe knowing my ſelfe
To be the cauſe of both, on bended knees
I humbly craue your pardon.

King. Ile pardon thee (deare daughter) but as for him.

Ama. Ay Father what of him?

King. As ſure as I am King and weare the Crowne,
Ile be reueng'd on that accurſed wretch.

Muc. Yet worthy Prince, worke not thy will in wrath, ſhew (fauour,

King. I, ſuch fauour as thou deſerueſt.

Muc. I doe deſerue the daughter of a King.

King. Oh impudent! a Shepherd and ſo inſolent.

Muc.

Muc. No Shepherd I, but a worthy Prince.
King. In faire conceit, not Princely borne.
Muc. Yes Princely borne, my Father is a King,
My Mother a Queene, and of *Valentia* both.
King. What, *Mucedorus* welcome to our Court,
What cause hadst thou to come to me disguis'd?
Muc. No cause to feare, I caused no offence,
But this, desiring thy daughters vertues for to see,
Disguis'd my selfe from out my Fathers Court,
Vnknowne to any in secret I did rest,
And passed many troubles neare to death:
So hath your daughter my partaker beene,
As you shall know hereafter more at large:
Desiring you, you will giue her to me,
Euen as mine owne and Soueraigne of my life,
Then shall I thinke my trauels all well spent.
King. With all my heart, but this,
Segasto claimes my promise made tofore,
That hee should haue her as his onely Wife
Before my Councell, when he came from warre.
Segasto, may I craue thee let it passe,
And giue *Amadine* as wife to *Mucedorus*?
Segast. With all my heart, were it a farre greater thing,
And what I may to furnish vp their rites,
With pleasing sports and pastimes you shall see.
King. Thankes good *Segasto*, I will thinke of this:
Muc. Thankes good my Lord, and whilst I liue,
Account of me in what I can or may.
Ama. Good *Segasto* these great curtesies
Shall not be forgot.
Clow. Why harke you Master, bones what haue you done?
What giuen away the Wench you made me take such paines for?
You are wise indeed? Masse and I had knowne of that, I would
haue had her my selfe: faith Master now we may goe to breake-
fast with a wood-cock-pie.
Segast. Goe to sir, you were best to leaue this knauery.
King. Come on my Lords, let's now to Court,
Where we may finish vp the ioyfullest day,

That euer hapt to a diſtreſſed King:
Were but thy Father the *Valentia* Lord,
Preſent in view of this combined knot.

A ſhout within: enter Meſſenger.

What ſhout was that?

Meſ. My Lord the great *Valentia* King,
Newly arriu'd intreats your preſence,

Muc. My Father?

King Ara. Prepared welcomes giue him entertainment;
A happier Planet neuer raign'd then that
Which gouernes at this houre. *Sound.*

Enter the King of Valentia, Anſelmo, Roderigo, Barachius, with others: The King runnes, and imbraceth his Sonne.

King Val. Riſe honour of my age, food to my reſt:
Condemne not (mightie King of *Aragon*)
My rude behauiour ſo compell'd by nature,
That manners ſtood vnknowledged.

King Ara. What we haue to recite, would tedious proue,
By declaration, therefore in and feaſt,
To morrow the performance ſhall explaine
What words conceale: till then Drummes ſpeake, Bells ring,
Giue plauſiue welcomes to our brother King.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets. Exeunt omnes.

Enter Comedy and Enuy.

Com. How now *Enuy*; what, bluſheſt thou already?
Peepe forth, hide not thy head with ſhame,
But with courage praiſe a womans deeds;
Thy threats were vaine, thou could'ſt doe me no hurt,
Although thou ſeem'dſt to croſſe me with deſpight,
I ouerwhelm'd and turn'd vpſide downe thy blockes,
And made thy ſelfe to ſtumble at the ſame.

Enuy. Though ſtumbled yet not ouerthrowne,
Thou canſt not draw my head to mildeneſſe:
Yet muſt I needs confeſſe thou haſt done well,
And plaid thy part with mirth and pleaſant glee:
Say all this; yet canſt thou not conquer me,
Although this time thou haſt got,
Yet not the conqueſt neither.

A double reuenge another time Ile haue.
Com. *Enuy* ſpit thy gall,
Plot, worke, contriue, create new fallacies,
Teeme from thy wombe, each minute a blacke Traytor,
Whoſe bloud and thoughts haue twins conception:
Study to act deeds yet vnchronicled,
Caſt natiue monſters in the moulds of men:
Caſe vicious deuils vnder ſancted robes;
Vnhaſpe the wicket where all periuries rooſt,
And ſwarme this ball with treaſons, doe thy worſt,
Thou canſt not hell-hound croſſe my ſteare to night,
Nor blinde that glory where I wiſh delight.
Enuy. I can, I will.
Com. Nefarious Hag begin,
And let vs tugge till one the maſtery win.
Enuy. *Comedy*, thou art a ſhallow Gooſe,
Ile ouerthrow thee in thine owne intent,
And make thy fall my Commicke merriment.
Com. Thy pollicie wants grauitie, thou art too weake:
Speake friend, as how?
Enuy. Why thus,
From my foule ſtudie will I hoiſt a wretch,
A leane and hungrie meager Caniball,
Whoſe iawes ſwell to his eyes with chewing malice:
And him Ile make a Poet.
Com. What's that to th'purpoſe?
Enuy. This ſcrambling Rauen with his needie beard,
Will I whet on to write a Comedie;
Wherein ſhall be compos'd darke ſentences,
Pleaſing to factious braines;
And euery other where place me a Ieſt,
Whoſe high abuſe ſhall more torment then blowes:
Then I my ſelfe (quicker then lightning)
Will flye me to the puiſſant Magiſtrate,
And waiting with a trencher at his backe,
In midſt of iollitie rehearſe thoſe gaules
(With ſome additions) ſo lately vented in your Theater;
He on this cannot but make complaint,

To our great danger, or at leaſt reſtraint.

Com. Ha, ha, ha, I laugh to heare thy folly
This is a trap for boyes, not men nor ſuch,
Eſpecially deſertfull in their doings,
Whoſe ſtaid diſcretion, rules their purpoſes.
I and my faction doe eſchew thoſe vices:
But ſee, O ſee, the weary Sunne for reſt,
Hath laine his golden compaſſe to the Weſt,
Where he perpetuall bide, and euer ſhine,
As *Dauids* off-ſpring in his happie Clime.
Scoope *Enuy* ſtoope, bow to the earth with me,
Lets beg our pardon on our bended knee. *They kneele.*

Enuy. My power has loſt her might, *Enuies* date's expired.
And I amazed am. *Fall downe and quake.*

Com. Glorious and wiſe Arch-*Ceſar* on this earth,
At whoſe appearance *Enuie's* ſtrucken dumbe,
And all bad things ceaſe operation:
Vouchſafe to pardon our vnwilling errour,
So late preſented to your gracious view,
And weele endeuour with exceſſe of paine,
To pleaſe your ſenſes in a choicer ſtraine.
Thus we commit you to the armes of night,
Whoſe ſpangled carcaſſe would for your delight,
Striue to excell the day: be bleſſed then,
Who other wiſhes, let him neuer ſpeake.

Enuy. Amen.

To Fame and Honour we commend your reſt,
Liue ſtill more happie, euery houre more bleſt.

FINIS.

pursues Sig B

sung loobie Sig C

pugsnando Sig E 4

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE & ART · SOUTH KENSINGTON
DYCE BEQUEST

XUM

A

Moſt pleaſant Comedy of *Mucedorus* the Kings Sonne of *Valentia*, and *Amadine* the Kings Daughter of *Aragon*.

With the merry conceits of *Mouſe*.

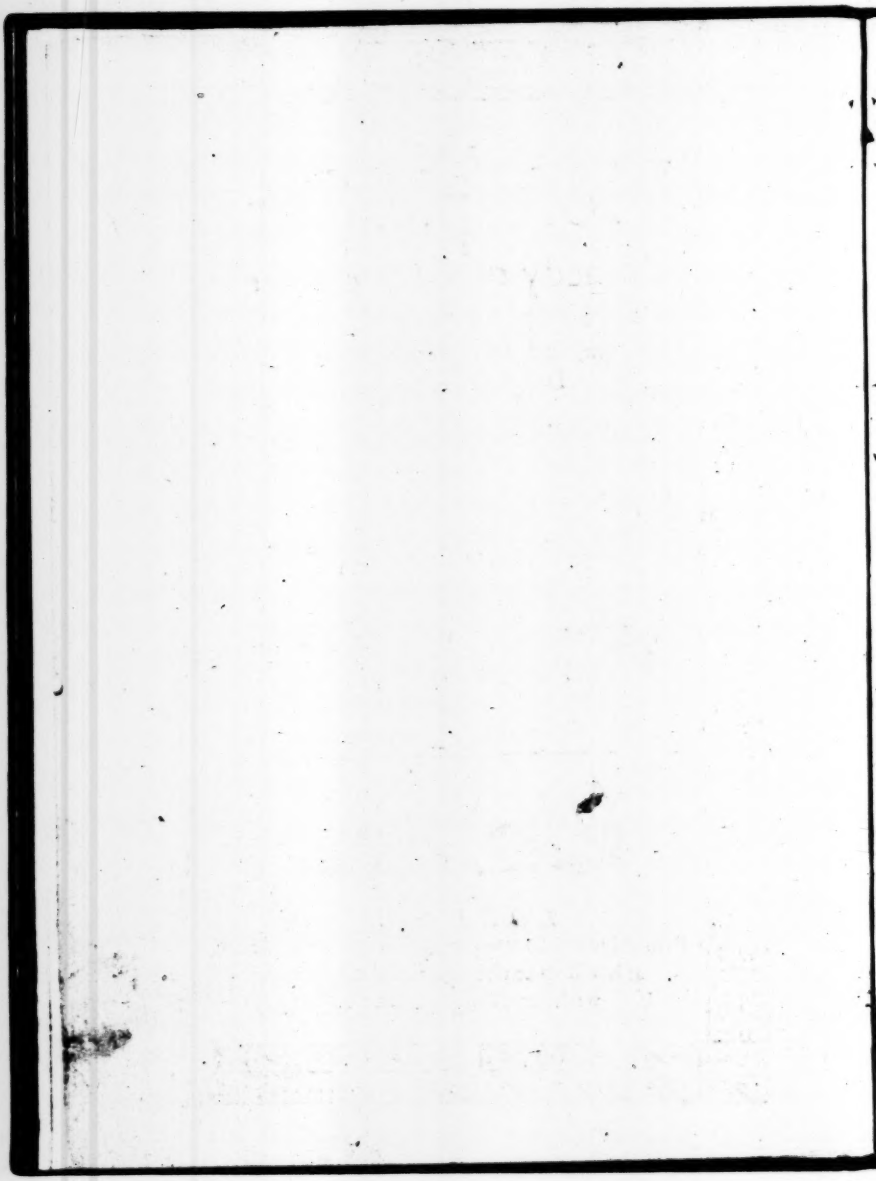
Amplified with new Additions, as it was acted before the Kings Maieſty at Whitehall, on Shrouesunday night.

By his Highneſſe Seruants, vſually playing at the *Globe*.

Very delectable, and full of conceited mirth.

LONDON,
Printed for *Iohn Wright*, and are to be ſolde at his ſhop at the ſigne of the Bible without *Newgate*. 1626.

Phot of HEH 62678



The Prologue.

MOſt ſacred Maieſtie, whoſe great deſerts,
Thy ſubiect *England*, nay, the world admires:
Which, Heauen grant ſtill increaſe, O may your praiſe
Multiplying with your houres, your fame ſtill raiſe:
Embrace your Councell: Loue, with Faith them guide,
That both as one bench, by the others ſide,
So may your life paſſe on, and runne ſo euen,
That your firme zeale plant you a Throne in Heauen:
Where ſmiling Angels ſhall your guardians be,
From blemiſht Traitors, ſtain'd with periurie:
And as the Night's inferiour to the Day,
So be all earthly Regions to your ſway.
Be as the Sunne to Day, the Day to Night;
For, from your beames, *Europe* ſhall borrow light:
Mirth drowne your boſome, faire Delight your minde,
And may our paſtime your contentment finde.

Exit.

Ten perſons may eaſily play it.

The King, and Reinelo,	} *for one.*
King Valentia,	} *for one.*
Maccedorus the Prince of Valentia,	} *for one.*
Anſelmo,	} *for one.*
Amadine the Kings Daughter of Aragon,	} *for one.*
Segaſto a Noble man,	} *for one.*
Enuy, Tremelio a Captaine, Brcme a wilde man,	} *for one.*
Comedie, a Boy, an old Woman, Ariana, Amadines maid,	} *for one.*
Collin a Counceller, a Meſſenger,	} *for one.*
Mouſe the Clowne,	} *for one.*

A moſt pleaſant Comedy of *Mucedorus* the Kings Sonne of *Valentia*, and *Amadine* the Kings Daughter of *Aragon*.

Enter Comedy ioyfully, with a Garland of Bayes on her head.

WHy ſo, thus doe I hope to pleaſe:
Muſicke reuiues, and mirth is tollerable:
Comedy play thy part and pleaſe:
Make merry them that come to ioy with thee:
Ioy then good Gentles, I hope to make you laugh
Sound *Bellona's* ſiluer tuned ſtrings,
Time fits vs well, the day and place is ours.

Enter Enuy his armes naked beſmeared with blood.

Enuy. Nay ſtay Minion ſtay, there lies a blocke:
What, all on earth? Ile interrupt your tale,
And mixe your muſicke with a Tragicke end.

Comedy. What monſtrous vgly hag is this,
That dares controule the pleaſures of our will?
Vaunt churliſh Cur beſmeard with gory bloud,
That ſeem'ſt to eclipſe the bloſſome of Delight,
And ſtifle the ſound of ſweet *Bellona's* breath:
Bluſh monſter bluſh, and poſt away with ſhame,
That ſeek'ſt diſturbance of a Goddeſſe mirth.

Enuy. Poſt hence thy ſelfe thou counterfeiting Trull,
I will poſſeſſe this habite ſpight of thee,
And gaine the glory of this wiſhed port:
Ile thunder Muſicke ſhall appale the Nymphs,
And make them ſhake their clattering ſtrings,
Flying for ſuccours to their Daniſh Caues.

Sound Drumme, enter with him, and cry ſtab, ſtab.

Harken thou ſhalt heare noiſe,
Shall fill the Aire with ſhrilling ſounds:

And thunder Muſicke to the Gods aboue:
Mars ſhall himſelfe breathe downe
A peereleſſe Crowne vpon braue *Ennies* head,
And raiſe his chiuall with a laſting fame:
In this braue Muſicke *Enuy* takes delight,
Where I may ſee them wallow in their bloud.
To ſpurne at Armes and Legs quite ſhiuered off,
And heare the cries of many thouſands ſlaine:
How lik'ſt thou this my Trull? tis ſport alone for me.

Com. Vaunt bloudie Curre, nurſt vp with Tygers ſap,
That ſo doſt quaile a womans minde:
Comedy is milde, gentle, willing for to pleaſe,
And ſeekes to gaine the loue of all eſtates:
Delighting in mirth, mixt all with louely tales;
And bringeth things with treble ioy to paſſe.
Thou bloudy, enuious, diſdainer of mens ioyes;
Whoſe name is fraught with bloudy ſtratagems,
Delights in nothing but in ſpoile and death,
Where thou maiſt trample in their luke-warme bloud,
And graſpe their hearts within thy curſed pawes:
Yet vaile thy minde, auenge thee not on me,
A ſilly woman begs it at thy hands.
Giue me the leaue to vtter out my Play:
Forbeare this place, I humbly craue thee hence,
And mixe not death mongſt pleaſing Comedies,
That treats nought elſe but pleaſure and delight:
If any ſparke of humane teſts in thee,
Forbeare, be gone, tender the ſuit of me.

Enuy. Why ſo I [illegible] forbearance ſhall be ſuch,
As treble death ſhall [illegible]olle thee with deſpight,
And make thee [illegible]ourne where moſt thou ioyeſt,
Turning thy mirth into a deadly dole,
Whirling thy pleaſures with a peale of death,
And drench thy methods in a ſea of bloud:
Thus will I doe: Thus ſhall I beare with thee,
And more, to vex thee with a deeper ſpight,
I will with threats of bloud begin the Play,
Fauouring thee with Enuy and with Hate.

Com,

Com. Then vgly monſter doe thy worſt,
I will defend them in deſpight of thee:
And though thou think'ſt with Tragicke fumes
To proue my Play vnto my great diſgrace,
I force it not, I ſcorne what thou canſt doe:
I'le grace it ſo, thy ſelfe ſhall it confeſſe,
From Tragicke ſtuffe to be a pleaſant Comedie.

Enuy. Why then *Comedy* ſend thy Actors forth,
And I will croſſe the firſt ſtep of their Trade,
Making them feare the very dart of death.

Com. And I'le defend them maugre all thy ſpight:
Scaggly fiend farewell, till time ſhall ſerue,
That we may meet to parlee for the beſt.

Enuy. Content *Comedy*, I'le goe ſpread my branch,
And ſcattered bloſſomes from mine enuious Tree,
Shall proue two Monſters, ſpoiling of their ioyes. *Exit.*

Sound.

Enter Mucedorus, and Anſelmus his friend.

Muc. Anſelmo? *Anſel.* My Lord and friend,
Whoſe deere affections boſome with my heart,
And keepe their domination in one Orbe:
Whence nere diſloyal ie ſhall root it forth,
But faith plant firmer in your choice reſpect.

Muc. Much blame were mine, if I ſhould other deeme,
Nor can coy Fortune contrary allow:
But my *Anſelmo*, loth I am to ſay, I muſt enſtrange that friend-
Miſconſtrue not, 'tis from the Realme, not thee: ſhip,
Though Lands part Bodies, Hearts keepe company:
Thou know'ſt that I imparted often haue
Priuate relations with my royall Sire
Had, as concerning beauteous *Amadine*,
Rich *Aragons* bright Iewell; whoſe face (ſome ſay)
That blooming Lillies neuer ſhone ſo gay;
Excelling, nor excell'd; yet leſt Report
Does mangle Veritie, boaſting of what is not,
Wing'd with Deſire, thither Ile ſtraight repaire,
And be my fortunes as my thoughts are, faire.

Anſel. Will you forſake *Valentia*? leaue the Court?

Abſe-

Absent you from the eye of Soueraigntie,
Doe not sweet Prince, aduenture on that taske,
Since danger lurkes each where, be won from it.
Muc. Desist disswasion,
My resolution brookes no battery,
Therefore if thou retaine thy wonted forme,
Assist what I intend.
Ansel. Your misse will breed a blemish in the Court,
And throw a frosty deaw vpon that beard,
Whose front *Valentia* stoopes to.
Muc. If thou my welfare tender, then no more,
Let Loues strong Magicke charme thy [illegible] phrase,
Wasted as vainly as to grip[illegible] Sun[illegible]
Augment not then more answer; locke [illegible]ps,
Vnlesse thy wisdome sute me with disguise,
According to my purpose.
Ansel. That action craues no counsell.
Since what you rightly are, will more command,
Then best vsurped [illegible]
Muc. Thou [illegible] opposite in disposition,
A more obscure [illegible] habilament
Beseemes this enterprise.
Ansel. Then like a *Florentine* or *Mountebanke*.
Muc. Tis much too tedious, I dislike thy iudgement,
My minde is grafted on a humbler stocke.
Ansel. Within my closet does there hang a Cassocke,
Though base the weed is, 'twas a Shepherds,
Which I presented in Lord *Iulius* Maske.
Muc. That my *Anselmo*, and none else but that,
Maske *Mucedorus* from the vulgar view?
That habit sutes my minde, fetch me that weed.

Exit Anselmo.

Better then Kings haue not disdain'd that state,
And much inferiour to obtaine their mate.

Enter Anselmo with a Shepherds coate.

So, let our respect command thy secrecie,
At once a briefe farewell,
Delay to Louers is a second Hell. *Exit Mucedorus.*

Ansel.

Anſel. Proſperity fore-runne thee: Auckward chance,
Neuer be neighbour to thy wiſhes venture,
Content and Fame aduance thee. Euer thriue,
And glory thy mortality ſuruiue. *Exit.*

Enter Monſe with a bottle of hay.

Monſe. O horrible terrible! Was euer poore Gentleman ſo ſcar'd out of his ſeuen ſenſes? A Beare? Nay ſure it cannot be a Beare, but ſome deuill in a Beares doublet; for a Beare could neuer haue had ſo much agilitie to haue frighted mee. Well, Ile ſee my father hang'd before I ſerue his Horſe any more: Well, Ile carry home my bottle of hay, and for once make my fathers Horſe turne Puritane, and obſerue Faſting dayes, for hee gets not a bit. But ſoft, this way ſhe followed me, therefore Ile take the other path, and becauſe Ile be ſure to haue an eye to her, I will ſhake hands with ſome fooliſh Creditor, and make euery ſtep backward.

As he goes backward, the Beare comes [illegible] ouer her, and runs away, and leaues his [illegible] him.

Enter Segaſto running, and [illegible] purſued with [illegible].

Seg. O flie Madam, flie, or elſe we are but dead.

Ama. Helpe *Segaſto*, helpe, helpe ſweet *Segaſto*, or elſe I dye.

Segaſto runnes away.

Segaſt. Alas Madam, there is no way but flight,
Then haſte and ſaue your ſelfe.

Ama. Why then I dye. Ah helpe me in diſtreſſe.

Enter Mucedorus like a Shepheard, with a ſword drawne, and a Beares head in his hand.

Muce. Stay Lady ſtay, and be no more diſmaid,
That cruell Beaſt, moſt mercileſſe and fell,
Affrighted many with his hard purſues,
Prying from place to place to finde his prey,
Prolonging thus his life by others death:
His carkas now lies headleſſe, void of breath.

Ama. That foule deformed Monſter is he dead?

Muce. Aſſure your ſelfe thereof, behold his head.

Which if it pleaſe you Lady to accept,
With willing heart I yeeld it to your Maieſtie.
Ama. Thanks worthy Shepheard, thanks a thouſand times,
This gift aſſure thy ſelfe contents me more,
Then greateſt bounty of a mighty Prince,
Although he were the Monarch of the world.
Muce. Moſt gracious Goddeſſe, more then mortall wight,
Your heauenly hue of right imports no leſſe:
Moſt glad am I in that it was my chance
To vndertake this enterprife in hand,
Which doth ſo greatly glad your Princely minde.
Ama. No Goddeſſe (Shepheard) but a mortall wight,
A mortall wight diſtreſſed as thou ſeeſt;
My father here is King of *Aragon*,
I *Amadine* his onely daughter am,
And after him [illegible] heyre vnto the Crowne:
Now where as [illegible] my fathers will,
To marr[illegible]
One who[illegible] theirs former vſurie,
Is known [illegible] no [illegible] wonderfull:
We both of cuſtome oftentimes did vſe,
(Leauing the Court) to walke within the fields
For recreation, eſpecially the Spring,
In that it yeelds great ſtore of rare delights:
And paſſing further then our wonted walkes,
Scarce entred within theſe luckleſſe woods,
But right before vs downe a ſteepfall hill,
A monſtrous vgly Beare did hye him faſt
To meet vs both: I faint to tell the reſt.
Good Shepheard but ſuppoſe the ghaſtly lookes,
The hideous feares, the hundred thouſand woes
Which at this inſtant *Amadine* ſuſtain'd.
Muce. Yet worthy Princeſſe let thy ſorrow ceaſe,
And let this ſight your former ioyes reuiue.
Ama. Beleeue me Shepheard, ſo it doth no leſſe.
Muce. Long may they laſt vnto your hearts content.
But tell me Lady, what is become of him,
Segaſto cal'd; what is become of him?

Ama.

Ama. I know not I, that know the powers diuine,
But God grant this that sweet *Segasto* liue.
Muce. Yet hard hearted he in such a case,
So cowardly to saue himselfe by flight,
And leaue so braue a Princesse to the spoile.
Ama. Well Shepheard for thy worthy valour tried,
Endangering thy selfe to set me free,
Vnrecompenced sure thou shalt not be:
In Court thy courage shall be plainly knowne,
Throughout the Kingdome will I spread thy name,
To thy renowne and neuer dying fame:
And that thy courage may be better knowne,
Beare thou the head of this most monstrous beast
In open sight to euery Courtiers view:
So will the King my father thee reward.
Come let's away, and guard me to the Court.
Muce. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segasto solus.

Segast. When heapes of harmes do [illegible] ouer head,
Tis time as then (some say) to looke about,
And of ensuing harmes to chuse the least:
But hard, yea haplesse is that wretches chance,
Lucklesse his lot, and caitiffe-like accurst,
At whose proceedings Fortune euer frownes:
My selfe I meane, most subiect vnto thrall:
For I, the more I seeke to shun the worst,
The more by proofe I finde my selfe accurst.
Erewhiles assaulted with an vgly Beare,
Faire *Amadine* in companie all alone;
Forthwith by flight I thought to saue my selfe,
Leauing my *Amadine* vnto her shifts:
For death it was for to resist the Beare,
And death no lesse of *Amadines* harmes to heare.
Accursed I, in lingring life thus long:
In liuing thus each minute of an houre
Doth pierce my heart with darts of thousand deaths:
If she by flight her furie doth escape,
What will she thinke?

Will ſhe not ſay, yea flatly to my face,
Accuſing me of meere diſloyaltie,
A truſtie friend is tride in time of need:
But I, when ſhe in danger was of death,
And needed me, and cride; *Segaſto* helpe,
I turn'd my backe and quickly ran away,
Vnworthy I to beare this vitall breath,
But what, what need theſe plaints?
If *Amadine* doe liue then happy I,
She will in time forgiue, and ſo forget:
Amadine is mercifull, not *Iuno* like,
In harmefull hearts to harbour hatred long.

Enter Monſe the Clowne running, crying clubs.

Mon. Clubs, Prongs, Pitchforks, Bils: Oh helpe,
A Beare, a Beare, a Beare.

Seg. Still Beares, and nothing but Beares.
Tell me Sirra where ſhe is.

Clow. O ſir, ſhe is run downe the woods,
I ſaw her white head, and her white belly.

Segaſt. Thou talk'ſt of wonders to tell me of white Beares.
But ſirra, didſt thou euer ſee any ſuch?

Clow. No faith, I neuer ſaw any ſuch:
But I remember my fathers words,
He bade me take heed I was not caught with the white Beare.

Segaſt. A lamentable tale no doubt.

Clow. Ile tell you what ſir, as I was going a field to ſerue my fathers great Horſe, and carried a bottle of hay vpon my head: Now doe you ſee ſir, I faſt hudwinkt that I could ſee nothing, I perceiuing the Beare comming, I threw my hay into the hedge and ran away.

Segaſt. What, from nothing?

Clow. I warrant you yes, I ſaw ſomething: for there was two load of thornes beſide my bottle of hay, and that made three.

Segaſt. But tell me ſirrah, the Beare that thou didſt ſee,
Did ſhe not beare a bucket on her arme?

Clow. Ha, ha, ha, I neuer ſaw a Beare go a milking in all my life.
But harke you ſir, I did not looke ſo hie as her arme,
I ſaw nothing but her white head, and her white belly.

Segaſt.

Segaſt. But tell me ſirra: where doſt thou dwell?

Clow. Why, do you not know me?

Segaſt. Why no, how ſhould I know thee?

Clow. Why then you know no bodie, and you know not me: I tell you ſir I am goodman Rats ſonne of the next Pariſh ouer the hill.

Segaſt. Goodman Rats ſonne, whats thy name?

Clow. Why I am very neere kin vnto him.

Segaſt. I thinke ſo, but whats thy name?

Clow. My name? I haue a very pretty name. Ile tell you what my name is: My name is *Mouſe*.

Segaſt. What plaine *Mouſe*?

Clow. I, plaine *Mouſe* without either welt or gard. But do you heare ſir, I am a very young Mouſe, for my taile is ſcarce growne out yet: looke here elſe.

Segaſt. But I pray you, who gaue you that name?

Clow. Faith ſir, I know not that, but if you would faine know, aske my fathers great Horſe, for he hath beene halfe a yeere longer with my father then I haue beene.

Segaſt. This ſeemes to be a merry fellow,
I care not if I take him home with me:
Mirth is a comfort to a troubled minde.
A merry man a merry maſter makes.
How ſaiſt thou ſirrah, wilt thou dwell with me?

Clow. Nay ſoft ſir, two words to a bargaine. Pray you what Occupation are you?

Segaſt. No occupation, I liue vpon my lands.

Clow. Your lands? away, you are no Maſter for me. Why do you thinke that I am ſo mad to go ſeeke my liuing in the lands among the ſtones, bryers, and buſhes, and teare my holiday apparell? Not I by your leaue.

Segaſt. Why I do not meane thou ſhalt. *Clo.* How then?

Segaſt. Why thou ſhalt be my man, and wait on me at Court.

Clow. Whats that? *Segaſt.* Where the King lies.

Clow. What is that King, a man or a woman?

Segaſt. A man as thou art.

Clow. As I am: Harke you ſir, pray you what kin is hee to goodman King of our Pariſh the Churchwarden?

Segaſt. No kin to him, he is the King of the whole Land.

Clow. King of the Land, I neuer ſaw him.

Seg. If thou wilt dwell with me, thou ſhalt ſee him euery day.

Clo. Shall I go home againe to be torne in pieces with Bears? No not I, I will goe home and put on a cleane ſhirt, and then go drowne my ſelfe.

Seg. Thou ſhalt not need, if thou wilt dwell with me thou ſhalt want nothing.

Clow. Shall I not? then heres my hand, Ile dwell with you: And harke you ſir, now you haue entertained me, I will tell you what I can doe, I can keepe my tongue from pickng and ſtealing, and my hands from lying and ſlandering, I warrant you as well as euer you had any man in your life.

Segaſt. Now will I to Court with ſorrowfull heart rounded with doubts: If *Amadine* doe liue, then happy I; yea happy I if *Amadine* doe liue.

Enter the King with a young priſoner, Amadine, Tremello, with Collin and Counſellors.

King. Now braue Lords, our warres are brought to end,
Our foes the foyle, and we in ſafetie reſt;
It vs behoues to vſe ſuch clemencie in peace,
As valour in the warres;
Tis as great honour to be bountifull at home,
As conquerours in the field.
Therefore my Lords, the more to my content,
Your liking, and our Countries ſafeguard,
We are diſpos'd in Mariage for to giue
Our Daughter vnto Lord *Segaſto* here,
Who ſhall ſucceed the Diademe after me,
And reigne hereafter, as I tofore haue done,
Your ſole and lawfull King of *Aragon*.
What ſay you Lordings, like you of my aduice?

Col. An't pleaſe your Maieſtie, we doe not only allow of your Highneſſe pleaſure, but alſo vow faithfully in what we may, to further it.

King. Thanks good my Lords, if long *Adraſtus* liue,
He will at full requite your courteſies.
Tremelio, in recompence of thy late valour done,

Take

Take vnto thee the *Catelone* a Prince.
Lately our prisoner taken in the warres;
Be thou his keeper, his ransome shall be thine:
Wee'll thinke of it when leasure shall afford:
Meane while doe vse him well, his father is a King.
Tre. Thanks to your Maiestie, his vsage shall be such,
As he thereat shall haue no cause to grutch. *Exit.*
King. Then march we one to Court, and rest our wearied limbs,
But *Collin*, I haue a tale in secret fit for thee,
When thou shalt heare a watch-word from thy King,
Thinke then some weighty matter is at hand,
That highly shall concerne our State:
Then *Collin*, looke thou be not farre from me,
And for thy seruice thou tofore hast done,
Thy truth and valour prou'd in euery point,
I shall with bounties thee inlarge therefore.
So guard vp to the Court.
Coll. What so my Soueraigne doth command me doe,
With willing minde I gladly yeeld consent. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segasto, and the Clowne with hose about him.

Seg. Tell me sirrah, how doe you like your weapons?
Clow. O very well, very well, they keepe my sides warme.
Seg. They keepe the dogs from your shins well, do they not?
Clow. How, keep the dogs from my shins, I would some but my shins should keepe the dogs from them.
Seg. Well, sirrah leaning idle talke, tell me,
Dost thou know Captaine *Tremelios* chamber?
Clow. Iyes very well, it hath a doore.
Seg. I thinke so, for so hath euery chamber:
But dost thou know the man?
Clow. I forsooth, he hath a nose on his face.
Seg. Why so hath euery one. *Clo.* Thats more then I know.
Seg. But dost thou remember the Captaine that was here with the King, that brought the young Prince prisoner?
Clow. O very well.
Seg. Goe to him, and bid him come vnto me:
Tell him I haue a matter in secret to impart to him.
Clow. I will Master, what's his name?

Exeunt.

Segaſt. Why Captaine *Tremelio?*

Clow. O, the Meale-man: I know him very well,
He brings meale euery Saturday: But harke you Maſter,
Muſt I bid him come to you, or muſt you come to him?

Segaſt. No ſirra, he muſt come to me.

Clow. Harke you Maſter, if he be not at home,
What ſhall I do then?

Segaſt. Why then leaue word with ſome of his folkes.

Clow. O Maſter if there be no bodie within,
I will leaue word with his Dog.

Segaſt. Why can his Dog ſpeake?

Clow. I cannot tell, wherefore doth he keep his chamber elſe?

Segaſt. To keepe out ſuch knaues as thou art.

Clow. Nay by Lady, then go your ſelfe.

Segaſt. You will go ſir, will you not?

Clow. Yes marry will I. O tis come to my head:
And he be not within, Ile bring his chamber to you.

Segaſt. What, will you plucke downe the Kings houſe?

Clow. No by Lady, Ile know the price of it firſt.
Maſter, it is ſuch a hard name I haue forgotten it againe:
I pray you tell me his name.

Segaſt. I tell thee, Captaine *Tremelio.*

Clow. O Captaine treble knaue, Captaine treble knaue.

Enter Tremelio.

Tre. How now ſirra, deſt thou call me?

Clow. You muſt come to my Maſter, Captaine treble knaue.

Tre. My Lord *Segaſto* did you ſend for me?

Segaſt. I did *Tremelio.* Sirra about your buſineſſe.

Clow. I marry, whats that, can you tell?

Segaſt. No not well.

Clow. Marry then I can, ſtraight to the Kitchin-dreſſer to *Iohn* the Cooke, and get me a good piece of Beefe and Brewis, and then to the Buttery hatch to *Thomas* the Butler, for a lacke of Beere: and there for an houre Ile ſo belabour my ſelfe, and therefore I pray you call me not till you thinke I haue done, I pray you good Maſter. *Exit.*

Segaſt. Well ſir away.
Tremelio, this it is, thou knoweſt the valour of *Segaſto*,

Spread

Spread through all the kingdome of *Aragon*,
And such as haue found triumph and fauours,
Neuer daunted at any time: but now a Shepheard,
Admired in Court for worthinesse,
And *Segastoes* honour laid aside:
My will therefore is this, that thou dost finde some meanes to worke the Shepheards death; I know thy strength sufficient to performe my desire, and to loue no otherwise then to reuenge my iniuries.

Tre. It is not the frownes of a Shepheard that *Tremelio* feares: Therefore account it accomplish'd what I take in hand.

Segast. Thanks good *Tremelio*, and assure thy selfe,
What I promise, that I will performe.

Tre. Thanks good my Lord: And in good time,
See where he commeth: stand by a while,
And you shall see me put in practise your intended drift.
Haue at thee Swaine, if that I hit thee right.

Enter Mucedorus.

Muc. Vilde Coward, so without cause to strike a man;
Turne Coward turne: now strike and doe thy worst.

Mucedorus killeth him.

Segast. Hold Shepheard hold, spare him, kill him not:
Accursed villaine, tell me, what hast thou done?
Ah *Tremelio*, trustie *Tremelio*, I sorrow for thy death.
And since that thou liuing didst proue faithfull to *Segasto*,
So *Segasto* now liuing, will honour the dead
Corps of *Tremelio* with reuenge.
Bloud-thirstie villaine, borne and bred in mercilesse murder,
Tell me, how durst thou be so bold,
As once to lay thy hands vpon the least of mine?
Assure thy selfe thou shalt be vs'd according to the Law.

Muce. Segasto cease, these threats are needlesse,
Accuse me not of murder, that haue done nothing
But in mine owne defence.

Segast. Nay Shepheard, reason not with me,
I'le manifest thy fact vnto the King:
Whose doome will be thy death, as thou deseru'st.
What hoe: *Monso* come away.

Enter Mouse.

Clow. Why how now, what's the matter?
I thought you would be calling before I had done.

Segast. Come helpe away with my friend.

Clow. Why is he drunk? can he not ſtand on his feet?

Segaſt. No he is not drunke, he is ſlaine.

Clow. Flaine? No by lady he is not ſlaine.

Segaſt. He is kil'd, I tell thee. (no longer.

Clow. What doe you vſe to kill your friends? I will ſerue you

Segaſt. I tell thee the Shepheard kil'd him.

Clow. O did he ſo? But Maſter, I will haue all his apparell if I carry him away. *Segaſt.* Why ſo thou ſhalt.

Clow. Come then I will helpe: Maſſe maſter, I thinke his mother ſung loobie to him, he is ſo heauy. *Exeunt.*

Muce. Behold the fickle ſtate of man, alwayes mutable, neuer at one.
Sometime we feede our fancies with the ſweet of our deſires:
Sometimes againe, wee feele the heat of extreme miſeries.
Now am I in fauour about the Court and Countrey,
To morow thoſe fauours will turne to frownes.
To day I liue reuenged on my foe,
To morrow I die, my foe reuenged on me. *Exit.*

Enter Bremo a wilde man.

Bremo. No paſſenger this morning? what not one?
A chance that ſeldome doth befall,
What not one? Then lie thou there,
And reſt thy ſelfe till I haue further neede:
Now *Bremo* ſith thy leaſure ſo affords,
An endleſſe thing who knowes not *Bremoes* ſtrength,
Who like a King commands within theſe woods?
The Beare, the Boare dare not abide his ſight,
But I aſſe away to ſaue themſelus by flight.
The Cryſtall waters in the Bubling Brookes,
When I come by doe ſwiftly ſlide away,
And claps themſelues in cloſets vnder bankes,
Afraid to looke bold *Bremo* in the face.
The aged Oakes at *Bremoes* breath doe bowe,
And all things elſe are ſtill at my command.

Elſe

Elſe what would I?
Rend them in peices, and pluck them from the earth,
And each way elſe I would reuenge my ſelfe.
Why who comes here, with whom I dare not fight?
Who fights with me and doth not die the death? not one.
What fauour ſhewes this ſturdy ſticke to thoſe
That here within theſe woods are combatants with me?
Why death, and nothing elſe but preſent death.
With reſtleſſe rage I wander through theſe woods,
No creature here, but feareth *Bremoes* force:
Man, woman, child, beaſt and bird,
And euery thing that doth approach my ſighe,
Are forſt to fall, if *Bremo* once do frowne.
Come Cudgell come, my partner in my ſpoiles,
For here I ſee this day it will not be,
But when it falls that I encounter any,
One pat ſufficeth for to worke my will.
What comes not one? then lets be gone,
A time will ſerue when we ſhall better ſpeed. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Segaſto, the Shepherd, and the Clowne with others.

King. Shepherd, thou haſt heard thy accuſers,
Murther is laid to thy charge:
What canſt thou ſay? thou haſt deſerued death.

Muce. Dread Soueraigne I muſt needs confeſſe,
I ſlew this Captaine in mine owne defence,
Not of any malice, but by chance:
But mine accuſer hath a further meaning.

Segaſt. Words will not here preuaile,
I ſeeke for Iuſtice, and Iuſtice craues his death.

King. Shepherd thine owne confeſſion hath condemned thee.
Sirra take him away, and doe him to execution ſtraight.

Clow. So he ſhall, I warrant him:
But do you heare Maſter King: he is kin to a Monkie,
His necke is bigger then his head.

Segaſt. Come ſirra away with him,
And hang him about the middle.

Clow. Yes forſooth I warrant you, come you ſirra:
A, ſo like a ſheepe-biter a lookes.

Enter Amadine and a Boy with a Beares head.

Ama. Dread Soueraigne, and welbeloued Sire,
On bended knee I craue the life of this condemned Shepheard,
which heretofore preſerued the life of thy ſometime diſtreſſed
daughter.

King. Preſerued the life of my ſometime diſtreſſed daughter?
How can that be? I neuer knew the time
Wherein thou wast diſtreſt: I neuer knew the day,
But that I haue maintained thy eſtate,
As best beſeem'd the daughter of a King.
I neuer ſaw the Shepheard vntill now,
How comes it then that he preſeru'd thy life?

Ama. Once walking with *Segaſto* in the woods,
Further then our accuſtomed manner was,
Right before vs downe a ſteepe fall hill,
A monſtrous vgly Beare did hye him faſt
To meet vs both: now whether this be true,
I referre it to the credit of *Segaſto*.

Seg. Moſt true an't like your Maieſty. *King.* How then?

Ama. The Beare being eager to obtaine his prey,
Made forward to vs with an open mouth,
As if he meant to ſwallow vs both at once:
The ſight whereof did make vs both to dread:
But ſpecially your daughter *Amadine*,
Who for I ſaw no ſuccour incident
But in *Segaſtoes* valour, I grew deſperate;
And he moſt coward-like began to flye,
Left me diſtreſt to be deuour'd of him,
How ſay you *Segaſto*, is it not true?

King. His ſilence verifies it to be true: what then?

Ama. Then I amaz'd diſtreſſed all alone,
Did hie me faſt to ſcape that vgly Beare,
But all in vaine; for why he reached after me,
And hardly I did oft eſcape his pawes;
Till at the length this Shepheard came,
And brought to me his head. (Maieſty.
Come hither boy, loe here it is, which I doe preſent vnto your

King. The ſlaughter of this Beare deſerues great fame.

Segaſt.

Segaſt. The ſlaughter of a man deſerues great blame.
King. Indeed occaſion oftentimes ſo falls out.
Segaſt. Tremelio in the warres (O King) preſerued thee:
Ama. The Shepheard in the woods (O King) preſerued me.
Segaſt. Tremelio fought when many men did yeeld.
Ama. So would the Shepheard had he beene in field.
Clow. So would my Maſter had he not run away.
Segaſt. Tremelioes force ſau'd thouſands from the foe.
Ama. The Shepheards force hath many thouſands moe.
Clow. Aye Shipſtickes nothing elſe.
King. Segaſto ceaſe to accuſe the Shepheard,
His worthineſſe deſerues a recompence:
All we are bound to doe the Shepheard good.
Shepheard, whereas it was my ſentence thou ſhouldſt dye,
So ſhall my ſentence ſtand, for thou ſhalt die.
Segaſt. Thanks to your Maieſty.
King. But ſoft *Segaſto*, not for this offence:
Long mayſt thou liue, and when the Siſters ſhall decree
To cut in twaine the twiſted threed of life,
Then let him die, for this I ſet him free,
And for thy valour I will honour thee.
Ama. Thanks to your Maieſty.
King. Come daughter let vs now depart to honour the worthy valour of the Shepheard, with our rewards. *Exeunt.*
Clow. O Maiſter heare you, you haue made a freſh hand now,
I thought you would beſhrew you: what will you do now?
You haue loſt me a good occupation by this meanes:
Faith Maſter now I cannot hang the Shepheard,
I pray you let me take paines to hang you,
It is but halfe an houres exerciſe.
Segaſt. You are ſtil in your knauery:
But ſith I cannot haue his life,
I will procure his baniſhment for euer. Come on Sirra.
Clow. Yes forſooth, I come: Laugh at him I pray you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Muce. From *Amadine* and from her Fathers Court,
With gold and ſiluer and with rich rewards,
Flowing from the bankes of gold and treaſures:

More may I boaſt and ſay : but I
Was neuer Shepheard in ſuch dignity.

Enter the Meſſenger and the Clowne.

Meſ. All haile worthy Shepheard.

Clow. All raine louſie Shepheard.

Muce. Welcome my freinds, from whence come you ?

Meſ. The King and *Amadine* greet thee well,
And after greeting done, bids thee depart the Court.
Shepheard be gone.

Clow. Shepheard take law-legs, fly away Shepheard.

Muce Whoſe words are theſe, came theſe from *Amadine* ?

Meſ. I from *Amadine.* *Clow.* Aye from *Amadine.*

Muce. Ah luckleſſe Fortune, worſe then *Phaetons* tale,
My former bliſſe is now become my bale.

Clow. What wilt thou poiſon thy ſelfe ?

Muce. My former heauen is now become my hell.

Clow. The worſt ale-houſe that euer I came in, in all my life.

Muce. What ſhall I doe.

Clow. Euen go hang thy ſelfe.

Muce. Can *Amadine* ſo churliſhly command
To baniſh the Shepheard from her Fathers Court ?

Meſ. What ſhould Shepheards doe in the Court ?

Clow. What ſhould Shepheards doe among vs ?
Haue not we Lords enough on vs in the Court ?

Muce. Why Shepheards are men and Kings are no more.

Meſ. Shepheards are men and maſters ouer their flocks.

Clow. Thats a lie, who paies them their wages then ?

Meſ. Well, you are alwayes interrupting of me ;
But you were beſt to looke to him, leſt you hang for him
When he is gone. *Exit.*

The Clowne ſings.

Clow. And you ſhall hang for company,
For leauing me alone.
Shepheard ſtand forth and heare my ſentence.
Shepherd be gone within three daies in paine of my diſpleaſure.
Shepheard be gone, Shepheard be gone, be gone, be gone, be gone. Shepheard, Shepheard, Shepheard.

Muce. And muſt I go ? and muſt I needs depart ?

Yee

Yee goodly Groues partakers of my ſongs,
In time before when fortune did not frowne,
Powre forth your plaints, and waile a while with me:
And thou bright Sun the comfort of my cold,
Hide, hide thy face, and leaue me comfortleſſe:
Yee wholeſome hearbs and ſweet ſmelling ſauours,
Yea each thing elſe prolonging life of man,
Change, change your wonted courſe,
That I wanting your aid, in wofull ſort may die.

Enter Amadine and Ariena her maid.

Ama. *Ariena*, if any bodie aske for me,
Make ſome excuſe till I returne.

Ari. What and *Segaſto* call?

Ama. Do you the like to him, I meane not to ſtay long. *Exit.*

Muce. This voice ſo ſweet my pining ſpirits reuiues.

Ama. Shepherd well met, tell me how thou doſt?

Muce. I linger life, yet wiſh for ſpeedy death:

Ama. Shepherd although thy baniſhment already be decreed, and all againſt my will, yet *Amadine*.

Muce. Ah *Amadine*, to heare of baniſhment is death:
I double death to me: but ſince I muſt depart, one thing I craue.

Ama. Say on with all my heart.

Muce. That in abſence either farre or neare,
You honour me as ſeruant to your name.

Ama. Not ſo. *Muce.* And why?

Ama. I honour thee as Soueraigne of my heart.

Muce. A Shepherd and a Soueraigne nothing like.

Ama. Yet like enough, where ehere is no diſlike.

Muce. Yet great diſlike, or elſe no baniſhment.

Ama. Shepherd, it is onely *Segaſto* that procures thy baniſhment.

Muce. Vnworthy wights are more in icalouſie.

Ama. Would God they would free thee from baniſhment,
Or likewſe baniſh me.

Muce. Amen I ſay to haue your company.

Ama. Well Shepherd, ſith thou ſuffereſt thus for my ſake,
With thee in exile alſo let me liue,
On this condition Shepherd thou canſt loue.

Muce. No longer loue, no longer let me liue.

Ama.

Am. Of late I loued one indeed, but now I loue none but only
Muce. Thankes worthy Princeſſe: I burne likewiſe, (thee.
Yet ſmother vp the blaſt,
I dare not promiſe what I may performe.
Ama. Well Shepheard, harke what I ſhall ſay,
I will returne vnto my fathers Court,
There for to prouide me of ſuch neceſſaries
As for my iourney I ſhall thinke moſt fit:
This being done, I will returne to thee;
Doe thou therefore appoint the place
Where we may meet.
Muce. Downe in the valley where I ſlew the Beare,
And there doth grow a faire broad branched Beech
That ouerſhades a Well, ſo who comes firſt,
Let him abide the happy meeting of vs both.
How like you this? *Ama.* I like it well.
Muce. Now if you pleaſe you may appoint the time.
Ama. Full three houres hence, God willing I will returne.
Muce. The thanks that *Paris* gaue the Grecian Queene,
The like doth *Mucedorus* yeeld.
Ama. Then *Mucedorus* for three houres farewell. *Exit.*
Muce. Your departure Lady breeds a priuy paine. *Exit.*

Enter Segaſtoſolus.

Segaſt. Tis well *Segaſto* that thou haſt thy will:
Should ſuch a Shepheard, ſuch a ſimple ſwaine as he,
Eclips thy credit, famous through the Court?
No, ply *Segaſto* ply, let it not in *Aragon* be ſaid,
A Shepheard hath *Segaſtos* honour won.

Enter Monſe the Clowne calling his Maſter.

Clow. What, hoe Maſter, will you come away?
Segaſt. Will you come hither I pray you, what is the matter?
Clow. Why is it not paſt eleuen of the clocke?
Segaſt. How then ſir?
Clow. I pray you come away to dinner.
Segaſt. I pray you come hither.
Clow. Here's ſuch a doe with you, will you neuer come?
Segaſt. I pray you ſir, what newes of the meſſage I ſent you about?
Clow. I tell you all the meſſes be on the Table alreadie.

There

There wants not ſo much as a meſſe of Muſtard, halfe an houre

Segaſt. Come ſir your minde is all vpon your belly, (agoe. You haue forgotten what I bade you doe.

Clow. Faith, I know nothing, but you bade me go to breakfaſt.

Segaſt. Was that all?

Clow. Faith I haue forgotten it, the very ſcent of the meat hath made me forget it quite.

Segaſt. You haue forgot the Arrand I bid you doe.

Clow. What Arrand, an arrant knaue or an arrant whore?

Segaſt. Why thou knaue, did I not bid thee baniſh the (Shepherd?

Clow. O the Shepherds Baſtard.

Segaſt. I tell thee the Shepherds baniſhment.

Clow. I tell you the Shepherds Baſtard ſhall be well kept, Ile looke to it my ſelfe, but I pray you come away to dinner.

Segaſt. Then you will not tell me whether you haue baniſhed him or no?

Clow. Why I cannot ſay baniſhment, if you would giue me a thouſand pounds to ſay ſo.

Segaſt. Why you whorſen ſlaue, haue you forgotten that I ſent you and another to driue away the Shepherd?

Clow. What an Aſſe are you? here's a ſtirre indeed: Here's Meſſage, Arrant, Baniſhment, and I cannot tell what.

Segaſt. I pray you ſir, ſhall I know whether you haue droue him away?

Clow. Faith I thinke I haue, and you will not beleeue me, aske my ſtaffe.

Segaſt. Why, can thy ſtaffe tell?

Clow. Why he was with me too.

Segaſt. Then happy I that haue obtain'd my will.

Clow. And happier I if you would go to dinner.

Segaſt. Come ſirra, follow me.

Clow. I warrant you I will not loſe an inch of you now you are going to dinner: I promiſe you I thought ſeuen yeeres before I could get him away.

Enter Amadine ſola.

Ama. God grant my long delay procures no harme,
Nor this my tarying fruſtrate my pretence:
My *Mucedorus* ſurely ſtayes for me,

And thinks me ouer-long, at length I come,
My present promise to performe :
Ah what a thing is firme vnfained loue!
What is it which true loue dares not attempt?
My father he may make, but I must match :
Segasto loues, but *Amadine* must like
Where likes her best: compulsion is a thrall;
No, no, the hearty choice is all in all.
The Shepherds vertue *Amadine* esteemes.
But what, me thinks the Shepherd is not come;
I muse at that, the houre is at hand:
Well here Ile rest till *Mucedorus* come. *She sits downe.*

Enter Bremo looking about hastily takes hold on her.

Bre. A happy prey: now *Bremo* feed on flesh:
Dainties *Bremo*, dainties, thy hungry paunch to fill;
Now glut thy greedy guts with luke-warme blood:
Come fight with me, I long to see thee dead.
Ama. How can she fight that weapons cannot wield?
Bre. What canst not fight? then lie thee downe and die.
Ama. What must I die?
Bre. What needs these words? I thirst to sucke thy blood.
Ama. Yet pitty me and let me liue a while.
Bre. No pitty I, Ile feed vpon thy flesh,
And teare thy body peece-meale ioynt by ioynt.
Ama. Ah now I want my Shepheards company.
Bre. Ile crush thy bones betweene two Oaken trees.
Ama. Haste Shepheard haste, or else thou com'st too late.
Bre. Ile sucke the sweetnesse from thy marrow bones.
Ama. Ah spare, ah spare to shed my guiltlesse blood.
Bre. With this my Bat I will beat out thy braines:
Downe, downe I say, prostrate thy selfe vpon the ground.
Ama. Then *Mucedorus* farewell, my hoped ioyes farewell;
Yea farewell life, and welcome present death. *She kneeles.*
To thee O God, I yeeld my dying ghost.
Bre. Now *Bremo* play thy part.
How now? what sudden change is this?
My limbes doe tremble, and my sinewes shake;

My vnweakened armes haue loſt their former force:
Ah *Bremo, Bremo*, what a toile hadſt thou,
That yet at no time waſt afraid
To dare the greateſt gods to fight with thee, *He ſtrikes.*
And now wants ſtrength for one downe driuing blow?
Ah how my courage failes when I ſhould ſtrike;
Some new-come ſpirit abiding in my breſt,
Saith ſpare her *Bremo*, ſpare her, do not kill;
Shall I ſpare her that neuer ſpared any?
To it *Bremo*, to it; ſay againe:
I cannot wield my weapons in my hand,
Me thinks I ſhould not ſtrike ſo faire a one:
I thinke her beauty hath bewitcht my force,
Or elſe within me altred natures courſe.
Ay woman, wilt thou liue in woods with me?
Ama. Faine would I liue, yet loth to liue in woods.
Bre. Thou ſhalt not chooſe, it ſhall be as I ſay,
And therefore follow me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Muc. It was my will an houre agoe and more,
As was my promiſe for to make returne;
But other buſineſſe hindred my pretence.
It is a world to ſee, when man appoints,
And purpoſely one certaine thing decrees,
How many [illegible]may hinder his intent:
What one wo[illegible], the ſame is fartheſt off,
But yet the app[illegible] time cannot be paſt,
Nor hath her pr[illegible]ce yet preuented me:
Well here Ile ſtay and expect her comming.

They cry within, hold him, hold him.

Some one or other is purſude no doubt,
Perhaps ſome ſearch for me, tis good to doubt the worſt:
Therefore Ile be gone. *Exit.*

Cry within hold him, hold him: enter Mouſe the Clowne with a Pot.

Clow. Hold him, hold him, hold him: heer's a ſtir indeed: here came hue after the Crier, & I was ſet cloſe at mother *Nips* houſe

and there I cal'd for three pots of Ale, as 'tis the manner of vs Courtiers: Now sirrah, I had taken the maiden-head of two of them, and as I was lifting vp the third to my mouth, there came hold him, hold him: now I could not tell whom to catch hold on, but I am sure I caught one, perchance a may be in this pot: Well Ile see; marle I cannot see him yet: well Ile looke a little further; marle he is a little slaue if a bee here: why heres no body; all this is well yet. But if the old Trot should come for her Pot, I marry there's the matter: but I care not, Ile face her out, and call her old rusty, dusty, musty, fusty, crusty Fire-brand; and worse then all that, and so face her out of her Pot; but soft here she comes.

Enter the old woman.

Old. Come you knaue, wheres thy Pot you knaue?

Clow. Go looke your Pot, come not to me for your Pot twere good for you.

Old. Thou lieſt thou knaue, thou haſt my Pot.

Clow. You lie and you say it, I your pot? I know what Ile say.

Old. What wilt thou say?

Clow. But say I haue it and thou darſt.

Old. Why thou knaue thou haſt not onely my Pot but my drinke vnpaid for.

Clow. You lie like an old: I will not say whore.

Old. Doſt thou call me whore? Ile cap thee for my Pot.

Clow. Cap me and thou dareſt;
Search me whether I haue it or no.

She searcheth him, and he driueth ouer her head, and caſteth down the Pot, she ſtumbleth at it: and then they fall together by the eares she takes vp her Pot and runnes out.

Enter Segaſto.

Segaſt. How now sirra whats the matter?

Clow. O flies Maſter flies.

Segaſt. Flies, where are they?

Clow. O here Maſter, all about your face.

Segaſt. Why thou lieſt, I thinke thou art mad.

Clow. Why Maſter I haue kild a dung-cart full at the leaſt.

Segaſt. Go to sirra, leaue this idle talke, giue care to me.

Clow. How, giue you one of my cares.

Nor

Not an you were ten masters.

Segast. Why sir I pray you giue care to my words.

Clow. I tell you I will not be made a Curtall for no mans plea-sure.

Segast. I tell thee attend what I shall say.

Go thy wayes straight and reare the whole towne.

Clow. How, reare the whole towne? euen go your selfe, it is more then I can doe; Why do you thinke I can reare a towne, that can scarce reare a Pot of Ale to my head, I should reare a towne, should I not?

Segast. Goe to the Constable and make a priuie search, For the Shepherd is run away with the Kings daughter.

Clow. How, is the Shepherd run away with the Kings daugh-ter, or is the Kings daughter run away with the Shepherd.

Segast. I cannot tell, but they are both gone together.

Clow. What a foole is she to run away with the Shepherd; why I thinke I am a little handsomer man then the Shepherd my selfe: But tell mee Master, must I make a priuie search, or search in the priuie?

Segast. Why doest thou thinke they will be there?

Clow. I cannot tell.

Segast. Well then search euery where, Leaue no place vnsearcht for them.

Clow. Oh now I am in office: now will I to that old Fire-brands house, and will not leaue one place vnsearched: Nay Ile to the Ale-stand, and drinke so long as I can stand; and when I haue done, Ile let out all the rest, to see if he bee not hid in the Barrell; & if I finde him not there, Ile to to the Cup bord, Ile not leaue one corner of her houte vnsearcht, ifaith yee old Crust, I will be with you now. *Exit.*

Sound Musicke.

Enter the King of Valentia, Anselmo, Roderigo, Lord Barathius, with others.

King Va. Enough of Musicke, it but addes to torment, Delights to vexed spirits are as dates Set to a sicke man, which rather cloy then comfort. Let me intreat you to intreat no more. *Musicke ceaseth.*

Rod. Let your strings sleepe, haue done there:

King Va. Mirth to a soule disturb'd, are Embers turn'd,

Which

Which ſodaine gleame with moleſtation,
But ſooner loſe their ſight for't.
Tis gold beſtowd vpon a Rioter,
Which not relieues, but murders him.
Tis a drugge giuen to the healthfull,
Which infects not cures.
How can a Father that hath loſt his Sonne,
A Prince both wiſe, vertuous, and valiant,
Take pleaſure in the idle acts of Time?
No, no, till *Mucedorus* I ſhall ſee againe,
All ioy is comfortleſſe, all pleaſure paine.

Anſel. Your Sonne (my Lord) is well.

King Va. I prethee, ſpeake that thrice.

Anſel. The Prince your Sonne is ſafe.

King Va. O where *Anſelmo*? ſurfet me with that.

Anſel. In *Aragon* my Liege: and at his parting
Bound my ſecrecy [illegible]
By his affectious loue not to diſcloſe it;
But care of him, and pitty of your age,
Makes my tongue blab what my breſt vowd concealement.

King Va. Thou not deceiu'ſt me,
I euer thought thee what I finde thee now,
An vpright loyall man.
But what deſire, or young-fed humor
Nurſt within his braine,
Drew him ſo priuately to *Aragon*?

Anſel. A forcing Adamant,
Loue mixt with feare and doubtfull iealouſie,
Whether report gilded a worthleſſe Trunke,
Or *Amadine* deſeru'd her high extolment.

King Va. See our prouiſion be in readineſſe,
Collect vs followers of the comelieſt hue
For our chiefe guardians, we will thither wend;
The Chriſtall eye of Heauen ſhall not thrice winke,
Nor the greene Floud ſix times his ſhoulders turne,
Till we ſalute the *Aragonian* King.
Muſicke ſpeake loudly now, the ſeaſon's apt,
For former dolours are in pleaſures wrapt.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Mucedorus to disguise himselfe.

Muce. Now *Mucedorus* whither wilt thou goe?
Home to thy father, to thy native soile,
Or trye some long abode within these woods?
Well, I will hence depart and hie me home.
What hie me home said I? that may not be;
In *Amadine* rests my felicity.
Then *Mucedorus* do as thou didst decree,
Attire thee Hermite-like within these Groues:
Walke often to the Beech, and view the Well,
Make settles there and seat thy selfe thereon:
And when thou feel'st thy selfe to be a thirst,
Then drinke a hearty draught to *Amadine*,
No doubt shee thinks on thee,
And will one day come pledge thee at this Well.
Come habite thou art fit for me: *He disguiseth himselfe:*
No Shepheard now, an Hermite must I be,
Me thinks this fits me very well;
Now must I learne to beare a walking staffe,
And exercise some grauitie withall.

Enter the Clowne.

Clow. Heres through the woods and through the woods,
To looke out a Shepheard, and a stray Kings daughter:
But soft, who haue we here? what art thou?

Muce. I am an Hermite.

Clow. An Emmet? I neuer saw such a big Emmet in all my life before.

Muce. I tell you sir, I am an Hermite,
One that leads a solitary life within these woods.

Clow. O I know thee now, thou art he that eates vp all the Hippes, and Hawes; we could not haue one peece of fat Bacon for thee all this yeare.

Muce. Thou dost mistake me:
But I pray thee tell mee, whom thou dost seeke in these woods?

Clow. What do I seeke? for a stray Kings daughter,
Run away with a Shepheard.

Muce. A stray Kings daughter, run away with a Shepheard,
Wherefore, canst thou tell?

Clow.

Clow. Yes that I can, 'tis this; my Master and *Amadine* walking one day abroad, neerer these woods then they were vsed (about what I cannot tell) but towards them comes running a great Beare: Now my Master plaid them an, and ran away, and *Amadine* crying after him: now sir, comes me a Shepherd, and he strikes of the Beares head, now whether the beare were dead before or no I cannot tell, for bring twenty Beares before mee, and binde there hands and feet, and Ile kill them all: now euer since *Amadine* hath beene in loue with the Shepherd, and for good will shee's euen run away with the Shepherd.

Muce. What maner of man was he? canst describe him vnto me?

Clow. Scribe him, aye I warrant you that I can; a was a little, low, broad, tall, narrow, bigge, well-fauoured fellow, a ierkin of white cloth, and buttons of the same cloth.

Muce. Thou describest him well, but if I chance to see any such, pray you where shall I finde you or whats your name?

Clow. My name is called Master *Monse.*

Muce. Oh Master *Monse*, I pray you what Office might you beare in the Court?

Clow. Marrie sir, I am Rusher of the Stable.

Muce. Oh, Vsher of the Table.

Clow. Nay I say Rusher, and Ile proue mine office good: for looke you sir, when any comes from vnder the Sea or so, and a dogge chance to blowe his nose backward, then with a whip I giue him the good time of the day, and strow Rushes presently, therefore I am a Rusher: a high Office I promise yee.

Muce. But where shall I finde you in the Court?

Clow. Why where it is best being, either in Kitching eating, or in the Buttery drinking: but if you come, I will prouide for thee a peece of Beefe and Brewes knuckle deepe in fat: pray you take paines, remember Master *Monse.* *Exit.*

Muce. Aye sir, I warrant I will not forget you.
Ah *Amadine*, what should become of her?
Whither shouldst thou go so long vnknowne?
With watch and ward each passage is beset,
So that she cannot long escape vnknowne.
Doubtlesse she hath lost herselfe within these woods,
And wandring to and fro she seekes the Well,

Which

Which yet ſhe cannot finde, therefore will I ſeeke her out. *Exit.*

Enter Bremo and Amadine.

Bre. Amadine, how like you *Bremo* and his woods?

Ama. As like the woods of *Bremoes* cruelty:
Though I were dumbe and could not anſwer him,
The Beaſts themſelues would with relenting teares,
Bewaile thy ſauage and inhumane deeds.

Bre. My loue, why doſt thou murmure to thy ſelfe?
Speake louder, for thy *Bremo* heares thee not.

Ama. My *Bremo*, no, the Shepheard is my Loue.

Brem. Haue I not ſaued thee from ſudden death,
Giuen thee leaue to liue that thou mightſt loue,
And doſt thou whet me on to crueltie?
Come kiſſe me (ſweet) for all my fauours paſt.

Ama. I may not *Bremo*, therefore pardon me.

Brem. See how ſhee flies away from me,
I will follow and giue attend to her.
Denie my loue? A worme of Beauty,
I will chaſtiſe thee: come, come,
Prepare thy head vpon the blocke.

Ama. O ſpare me *Bremo*, loue ſhould limit life,
Not to be made a murderer of himſelfe.
If thou wilt glut thy louing heart with bloud,
Encounter with the Lion or the Beare:
And like a Wolfe prey not vpon a Lambe.

Brem. Why then doſt thou repine at me?
If thou wilt loue me thou ſhalt be my Queene,
Ile crowne thee with a chaplet made of Iuory,
And make the Roſe and Lilly wait on thee:
Ile rend the burley branches from the Oake,
To ſhadow thee from burning Sunne.
The Trees ſhall ſpread themſelues where thou doſt goe,
And as they ſpread, Ile trace along with thee.

Ama. You may, for who but you?

Bre. Thou ſhalt be fed with Quailes and Partriches,
With Black-birds, Larks, Thruſhes, and Nightingales,
Thy drinke ſhall be Goats-milke, and Chriſtall water
Diſtilling from the Fountaines and the cleareſt Springs:

And all the dainties that the woods affoord,
Ile freely giue thee, to obtaine thy loue.
Ama. You may, for who but you?
Bre. The day Ile ſpend to recreate my loue,
With all the pleaſures that I can deuiſe:
And in the night Ile be thy bedfellow,
And louingly embrace thee in mine armes.
Ama. One may, ſo may not you.
Bre. The Satyrs and the wood-Nimphs ſhall attend on thee,
And lull thee aſleepe with Muſicke ſound,
And in the morning when thou doſt awake,
The Larke ſhall ſing, good morrow to my Queene:
And whilſt he ſings, Ile kiſſe mine *Amadine.*
Ama. You may, for who but you?
Bre. When thou art vp the wood-lanes ſhall be ſtrowed
With Violets, Cowſlips, and ſweet Marigolds,
For thee to trample and to tread vpon:
And I will teach thee how to kill the Deere,
To chaſe the Hart, and how to rouze the Roe,
If thou wilt liue to loue and honour me.
Ama. You may, for who but you?

Enter Mucedorus.

Brem. Welcome ſir, an houre ago I looked for ſuch a gueſt:
Be merry wench, weele haue a frolick feaſt,
Heres fleſh enough for to ſuffice vs both,
Say ſirra, wilt thou fight, or doſt thou meane to die?
Muce. I want a weapon, how can I fight?
Bre. Thou wanteſt a weapon, why then thou yeeldſt to die.
Muce. I ſay not ſo, I do not yeeld to die.
Bre. Thou ſhalt not chooſe, I long to ſee thee dead.
Ama. Yet ſpare him *Bremo*, ſpare him.
Bre. Away I ſay, I will not ſpare him.
Muce. Yet giue me leaue to ſpeake.
Bre. Thou ſhalt not ſpeake.
Ama Yet giue him leaue to ſpeake for my ſake.
Bre. Speake on, but be not ouer long.
Muce. In time of yore when men like brutiſh beaſts
Did lead their liues in loathſome Celles and woods,

And

And wholly giue themſelues to witleſſe will:
A rude vnruly rout, then man to man became
A preſent prey, then might preuailed,
The weakeſt went to walls:
Right was vnknowne, for wrong was all in all.
As men thus liued in their great outrage,
Behold, one *Orpheus* came (as Poets tell)
And them from rudeneſſe vnto reaſon brought,
Who led by Reaſon, ſoone forſooke the Woods,
In ſtead of Caues, they built them Caſtles ſtrong,
Cities and Townes were founded by them then:
Glad were they they found ſuch eaſe,
And in the end they grew to perfect amity.
Waying their former wickednеſſe,
They term'd the time wherein they liued then,
A golden age, a good golden age.
Now *Bremo* (for ſo heard I thee call'd)
If men which liued tofore, as thou doſt now,
Wilde in wood, addicted all to ſpoile,
Returned were by worthy *Orpheus* meanes,
Let me (like *Orpheus*) cauſe thee to returne
From murther, bloud-ſhed, and like cruelties.
What, ſhould we fight before we haue a cauſe?
No, lets liue and loue together faithfully:
Ile fight for thee.

Bremo. Fight for me, or die: or fight, or elſe thou dieſt.

Ama. Hold *Bremo* hold.

Bremo. Away I ſay, thou troubleſt me.

Ama. You promiſed me to make me Queene.

Bremo. I did, I meane no leſſe.

Ama. You promiſed that I ſhould haue my will.

Bremo I did, I meane no leſſe.

Ama. Then ſaue the Hermites life, for he may ſaue vs both.

Bremo. At thy requeſt Ile ſaue him, but neuer any after him.
Say Hermite, what canſt thou doe?

Muce. Ile wait on thee, ſometime vpon thy Queene,
Such ſeruice ſhalt thou ſhortly haue, as *Bremo* neuer had.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Segasto, the Clowne, and Rumbelo.

Segast. Come sirs, what, shall I neuer haue you finde out *Amadine* and the Shepheard?

Clow. I haue beene through the woods and through the woods, and could see nothing but an Emmet.

Rum. Why I see a thousand Emmets, thou meanst a little one.

Clow. Nay, that Emmet that I saw was bigger then thou art.

Rum. Bigger then I, what a foole haue you to your man? I pray you Master turne him away.

Segast. But dost thou heare, was he not a man?

Clow. I thinke he was, for he said he did lead a Saltsellers life round about the woods.

Segast. Thou wouldst say, a solitarie life about the wood.

Clow. I thinke so it was indeed.

Rum. I thought what a foole thou art.

Clow. Thou art a wise man: why he did nothing but sleepe since he went.

Segast. But tell me *Monse*, how did he goe?

Clow. In a white Gowne, and a white hat on his head,
And a staffe in his hand.

Segast. I thought so, he was a Hermit, that walked a solitarie life in the woods.
Well, get you to dinner, and after; neuer leaue seeking, till you bring some newes of them, or Ile hang you both. *Exit.*

Clow. How now *Rumbelo*, what shall we doe now?

Rum. Faith Ile home to dinner, and afterward to sleepe.

Clow. Why then thou wilt be hanged.

Rum. Faith I care not; for I know I shall neuer finde them: Well, Ile once more abroad; and if I cannot finde them, Ile neuer come home againe.

Clow. I tell thee what *Rumbelo*, thou shalt goe in at one end of the wood, and I at the other, and we will both meet together in the midst

Rum. Content, lets away to dinner. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus solus.

Muc. Vnknowne to any, here within these woods
With bloudy *Bremo* doe I lead my life;
The Monster he doth murder all he meets,

He

He ſpareth none, and none doth him eſcape:
Who would continue, who but only I,
In ſuch a cruell cut-throats company?
Yet *Amadine* is there, how can I chuſe?
Ah ſilly ſoule, how oftentimes ſhe ſits,
And ſighs, and calls, Come Shepheard come:
Sweet *Mucedorus* come ſet me free,
When *Mucedorus* (Peaſan) ſtands her by;
But here ſhe comes: What newes faire Ladie,
As you walke theſe woods? *Enter Amadine.*

Ama. Ah Hermite, none but bad,
And ſuch as thou knoweſt.

Muce. How doe you like your *Bremo* and his woods?

Ama. Not my *Bremo*, nor his *Bremo* woods.

Muce. And why not yours? me thinks he loues you well.

Ama. I like not him, his loue to me is nothing worth.

Muce. Lady, in this me thinks you offer wrong,
To hate the man that euer loues you beſt.

Ama. Ah Hermite, I take no pleaſure in his loue,
Neither doth *Bremo* like me beſt.

Muce. Pardon my boldneſſe, faire Lady, ſith we both
May ſafely talke now out of *Bremoes* ſight:
Vnfold to me, if ſo you pleaſe, the full diſcourſe,
How, when, and why you came into theſe woods,
And fell into this bloudie Butchers hands.

Ama. Hermite I will: Of late a worthy Shepheard I did loue.

Muce. A Shepheard (Lady) ſure a man vnfit to match with you.

Ama. Hermite, this is true: and when we had

Muce. Stay there, the wilde man comes,
Referre the reſt vntill another time.

Enter Bremo.

Bre. What ſecret tale is this? what whiſpring haue we here?
Villaine, I charge thee tell thy tale againe.

Muce. If needs I muſt, loe here it is againe.
When as we both had loſt the ſight of thee,
It grieu'd vs both, but ſpecially thy Queene;
Who in thy abſence euer feares the worſt,
Leſt ſome miſchance befall your Royall Grace.

Shall my ſweet *Bremo* wander through the wood,
Toyle too and fro, for to redreſſe my want,
Hazard his life, and all to cherish me?
I like not this, quoth ſhee:
And thereupon crau'd to know of me,
If I could teach her handle weapons well.
My anſwer was, I had ſmall skill therein,
But gladſome (mighty King) to learne of thee:
And this was all.

Bremo. Waſt ſo, none can miſlike of this:
Ile teach you both to fight, but firſt my Queene begin:
Here take this weapon ſee how thou canſt vſe it.

Ama. This is too big, I cannot weild it in my arme:

Bremo. Is't ſo? we'ele haue a knotty Crab-tree ſtaffe for thee:
But ſirra, tell me, what ſayeſt?

Muce. With all my heart I willing am to learne.

Bremo. Then take my ſtaffe and ſee how thou canſt wield it.

Muce. Firſt teach me how to hold it in my hand,

Bremo. Thou holdeſt it well: looke how he doth,
Thou mayeſt the ſooner learne.

Muce. Next tell how, and when tis beſt to ſtrike.

Bremo. Tis beſt to ſtrike when time doth ſerue,
Tis beſt to loſe no time.

Muce. Then now or neuer it is time to ſtrike.

Bremo. And when thou ſtrikeſt be ſure to hit the head.

Muce. The head?

Bremo. The very head.

Muce. Then haue at thine. *He ſtrikes him downe dead.*
So, lie there and dye, a death (no doubt) according to deſert,
Or elſe a worſe, as thou deſerueſt worſe.

Ama. It glads my heart this Tyrants death to ſee.

Muce. Now Lady it remaines in you,
To end the tale you lately had begun,
Being interrupted by this wicked wight:
You ſaid you loued a Shepheard.

Ama. I ſo I doe, and none but only him:
And will do ſtill as long as life ſhall laſt.

Muce. But tell me Lady ſith I ſet you free,

What course of life do you intend to take?

Ama. I will disguised wander through the world,
Till I haue found him out.

Muce. How if you finde your Shepheard in these woods?

Ama. Ah I none so happy then as *Amadine*.

He discloseth himselfe.

Muce. In tract of time a man may alter much:
Say Lady, do you know your Shepheard well?

Ama. My *Mucedorus*: hath he set me free?

Muce. He hath set thee free.

Ama. And liu'd so long vnknowne to *Amadine*?

Muce. Ay thats a question whereof you may not be resolued:
You know that I am banisht from the Court,
I know likewise each passage is beset,
So that we cannot long escape vnknowne:
Therefore my will is this that we returne
Right through the thickets to the Wild mans Caue,
And there a while liue on his prouision,
Vntill the search and narrow watch be past:
This is my counsell, and I like it best.

Ama. I thinke the very same.

Muce. Come, let's be gone.

The Clowne searcheth, and falls ouer the Wild man, and so carries him away.

Clow. Nay soft sir, are you here? a boti on you:
I was like to be hang'd for not finding of you:
We would borrow a certaine stray Kings daughter of you,
A wench, a wench sir we would haue.

Muce. A wench of me? Ile make thee eat my sword.

Clow. O Lord, nay, and you are so lusty Ile call a cooling card for you: O Master, Master, I come away quickly.

Enter Segasto.

Segast. Whats the matter?

Clow. Looke *Amadine* and the Shepheard: O braue.

Segast. What Minion haue I found you out?

Clow. Nay thats a lye, I found her out my selfe.

Segast. Thou gadding huswife, what cause hadst thou
To gad abroad?

When

When as thou knowest our wedding day so nie?
Ama. Not so *Segaste*, no such thing in hand:
Shew your assurance, then Ile answer you.
Segast. Thy fathers promise my assurance is.
Ama. But what he promis'd he hath not perform'd.
Segast. It rests in thee for to performe the same.
Ama. Not I.
Segast. And why?
Ama. So is my will, and therefore euen no.
Clow. Master with anone, none so.
Segast. Ah wicked villaine, art thou here?
Muce. What need these words? we weigh them not.
Segast. We weigh them not, proud Shepheard I scorne thy
Clow. Weele not haue a corner of thy companie. (companie.
Muce. I scorne not thee, nor yet the least of thine.
Clow. Thats a lie, a would haue kild me with his pugs-nando.
Segast. This stoutnesse *Amadine* contents me not.
Ama. Then seeke another that may you better please.
Muce. Well *Amadine* it onely rests in thee,
Without delay to make thy choice of three:
There stands *Segaste*, a second here;
There stands the third; now make thy choice.
Clow. A Lord at the least I am.
Ama. My choice is made, [illegible] but thee.
Segast. A worthy mate (no doubt) for such a wife.
Muce. And *Amadine* why wilt thou none but me?
I cannot keepe thee as thy Father did;
I haue no Lands for to maintaine thy state:
Moreouer, if thou meane to be my Wife,
Commonly this must be thy vse,
To bed at midnight, vp at foure:
Drudge all day, and trudge from place to place,
Whereby our daily victuall for to win:
And last of all, which is the worst of all,
No Princesse then but a plaine Shepheards wife.
Clow. Then God gee you good morrow goody Shepheard.
Ama. It shall not need if *Amadine* doe line,
Thou shalt be crowned King of *Aragon*.

Clow.

Clow. O Maſter laugh, when he is a King, Ile be a Queene.

Muc. Then know that which nere tofore was knowne:
I am no Shepherd, no *Aragonian* I,
But borne of Royall bloud, my Father's of *Valentia* King,
My Mother Queene; who for thy ſacred ſake
Tooke this hard taske in hand.

Ama. Ah how I ioy my fortune is ſo good.

Segeſt. Well now I ſee *Segaſto* ſhall not ſpeed,
But *Mucedorus*, I as much doe ioy
To ſee thee here within our Court of *Aragon*,
As if a Kingdome had befalne me this time:
I with my heart ſurrender her to thee,

He giues her to him.

And looke what right to *Amadine* I haue.

Clow. What barnes doore and borne where my Father was Conſtable? a bots on thee, how doſt thou?

Muc. Thankes *Segaſto*, but you leueld at the Crowne.

Clow. Maſter beare this and beare all.

Segaſt. Why ſo ſir?

Clow. He ſayes you take a gooſe by the crowne.

Segaſt. Go to ſir, away, poſt you to the King,
Whoſe heart is fraught with carefull doubts,
Glad him vp, and tell him theſe good newes,
And we will follow as faſt as we may.

Clow. I goe Maſter, I runne Maſter. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King and Collin.

King. Breake heart and end my pallid woes,
My *Amadine*, the comfort of my life;
How can I ioy except ſhee were in ſight?
Her abſence breeds great ſorrow to my ſoule,
And with a thunder breakes my heart in twaine.

Collin. Forbeare thoſe paſſions gentle King,
And you ſhall ſee, t'will turne vnto the beſt,
And bring your ſoule to quiet and to ioy.

King. Such ioy as Death, I doe aſſure me that,
And nought but death, except of her I heare,
And that with ſpeed; I cannot ſigh thus long.
But what a tumult doth I heare within?

They cry within, Ioy and happineſſe.

Collin. I heare a noyſe of ouer-paſſing ioy
Within the Court: my Lord be of good comfort,
And here comes one in haſte.

Enter the Clowne running.

Clow. A King, a King.

Col. Why how now ſirra, what's the matter?

Clow. O 'tis newes for a King, 'tis worth money.

King. Why ſirra, thou ſhalt haue ſiluer and gold if it be good.

Clow. O 'tis good, 'tis good *Amadine.*

King. O what of her? tell me, and I will make thee a Knight.

Clow. How, a Spright, no by Lady, I will not be a Spright. Maſter get you away, if I be a Spright, I ſhall be ſo leane I ſhall make you all afraid.

Col. Then (Sot) the King meanes to make thee a Gentleman.

Clow. Why-I ſhall want Parrell.

King. Thou ſhalt want for nothing.

Clow. Then ſtand away, ſtrike vp thy ſelfe, here they come.

Enter Segaſto, Mucedorus, and Amadine.

Ama. My gracious Father, pardon thy diſloyall daughter.

King. What, doe mine eyes behold my daughter *Amadine?* Riſe vp daughter, and let theſe imbracing armes
Shew ſome token of thy Fathers ioy,
Which euer ſince thy departure hath languſhed in ſorrow.

Ama. Deare Father neuer were your ſorrowes
Greater then my griefes:
Neuer you ſo deſolate, as I comfortleſſe:
Yet neuertheleſſe knowing my ſelfe
To be the cauſe of both, on bended knees
I humbly craue your pardon.

King. Ile pardon thee (deare daughter) but as for him.

Ama. Ay Father what of him?

King. As ſure as I am King and weare the Crowne,
Ile be reueng'd on that accurſed wretch.

Muc. Yet worthy Prince, worke not thy will in wrath, ſhew (fauour,

King. I, ſuch fauour as thou deſerueſt.

Muc. I doe deſerue the daughter of a King.

King. Oh impudent! a Shepherd and ſo inſolent.

Muc.

Muc. No Shepherd I, but a worthy Prince.
King. In faire conceit, not Princely borne.
Muc. Yes Princely borne, my Father is a King,
My Mother a Queene, and of *Valentia* both.
King. What, *Mucedorus* welcome to our Court,
What cause hadst thou to come to me disguis'd?
Muc. No cause to feare, I caused no offence,
But this, desiring thy daughters vertues for to see,
Disguis'd my selfe from out my Fathers Court,
Vnknowne to any in secret I did rest,
And passed many troubles neare to death:
So hath your daughter my partaker beene,
As you shall know hereafter more at large:
Desiring you, you will giue her to me,
Euen as mine owne and Soueraigne of my life,
Then shall I thinke my trauels all well spent.
King. With all my heart, but this,
Segasto claimes my promise made to fore,
That hee should haue her as his onely Wife
Before my Councell, when he came from warre.
Segasto, may I leaue thee let it passe,
And giue *Amadine* as wife to *Mucedorus*?
Segast. With all my heart, were it a farre greater thing,
And what I may to furnish vp their rites,
With pleasing sports and pastimes you shall see.
King. Thankes good *Segasto*, I will thinke of this:
Muc. Thankes good my Lord, and whilst I liue,
Account of me in what I can or may.
Ama. Good *Segasto* these great curtesies
Shall not be forgot.
Clow. Why harke you Master, bones what haue you done?
What giuen away the Wench you made me take such paines for?
You are wise indeed? Masse and I had knowne of that, I would
haue had her my selfe: faith Master now we may goe to breake-
fast with a wood-cock-pie.
Segast. Goe to sir, you were best to leaue this knauery.
King. Come on my Lords, let's now to Court,
Where we may finish vp the ioyfullest day,

That euer hapt to a distressed King:
Were but thy Father the *Valentia* Lord,
Present in view of this combined knot.

A shout within: enter Messenger.

What shout was that?

Mes. My Lord the great *Valentia* King,
Newly arriu'd intreats your presence,

Muc. My Father?

King Ara. Prepared welcomes giue him entertainment;
A happier Planet neuer raign'd then that
Which gouernes at this houre.

Sound.

Enter the King of Valentia, Anselmo, Roderigo, Barachius, with others: The King runnes, and imbraceth his Sonne.

King Val. Rise honour of my age, food to my rest:
Condemne not (mighty King of *Aragon*)
My rude behauiour to compell'd by nature,
That manners stood vnknowledged.

King Ara. What we haue to recite, would tedious proue,
By declaration, therefore in and feast,
To morrow the performance shall explaine
What words conceale: till then Drummes speake, Bells ring,
Giue plausiue welcomes to our brother King.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets. Exeunt omnes.

Enter Comedy and Enuy.

Com. How now *Enuy*, what hast thou already?
Peepe forth, hide not thy head with shame,
But with courage praise a womans deede,
Thy threats were vaine, thou could'st do me no hurt,
Although thou seem'dst to crosse me with despight,
I ouerwhelm'd and turn'd vpside downe thy blockes,
And made thy selfe to stumble at the same.

Enuy. Though stumbled yet not ouerthrowne,
Thou canst not draw my head to mildenesse:
Yet must I needs confesse thou hast done well,
And plaid thy part with mirth and pleasant glee:
Say all this; yet canst thou not conquer me,
Although this time thou hast got,
Yet not the conquest neither.

A double reuenge another time Ile haue.
Com. *Enuy* ſpit thy gall,
Plot, worke, contriue, create new fallacies,
Teeme from thy wombe, each minute a blacke Traytor,
Whoſe bloud and thoughts haue twins conception:
Study to act deeds yet vncronicled,
Caſt natiue monſters in the moulds of men:
Caſe vicious deuils vnder ſanctted robes;
Vnhaſpe the wicket where all periuries rooſt,
And ſwarme this ball with treaſons, doe thy worſt,
Thou canſt not hell-hound croſſe my ſteare to night,
Nor blinde that glory where I wiſh delight.
Enuy. I can, I will.
Com. Nefarious Hag begin,
And let vs tugge till one the maſtery win.
Enuy. *Comedy*, thou art a ſhallow Gooſe,
Ile ouerth'row thee in thine owne intent,
And make thy fall my Commicke merriment.
Com. Thy pollicie wants grauitie, thou art too weake:
Speake friend, as how?
Enuy. Why thus,
From my foule ſtudie will I hoiſt a wretch,
A leane and hungrie meager Canibali,
Whoſe iawes ſwell to his eyes with chewing malice:
And him Ile make a Poet.
Com. What's that to th'purpoſe?
Enuy. This ſcrambling Raſcall with his needie beard,
Will I whet on to write a Comedie;
Wherein ſhall be compos'd darke ſentences,
Pleaſing to factious braines;
And euery other where place me a Ieſt,
Whoſe high abuſe ſhall more torment then blowes:
Then I my ſelfe (quicker then lightning)
Will flye me to the puiſſant Magiſtrate,
And waiting with a trencher at his backe,
In midſt of iollitie rehearſe thoſe gaules
(With ſome additions) ſo lately vented in your Theater:
He on this cannot but make complaint,

To our great danger, or at least restraint.

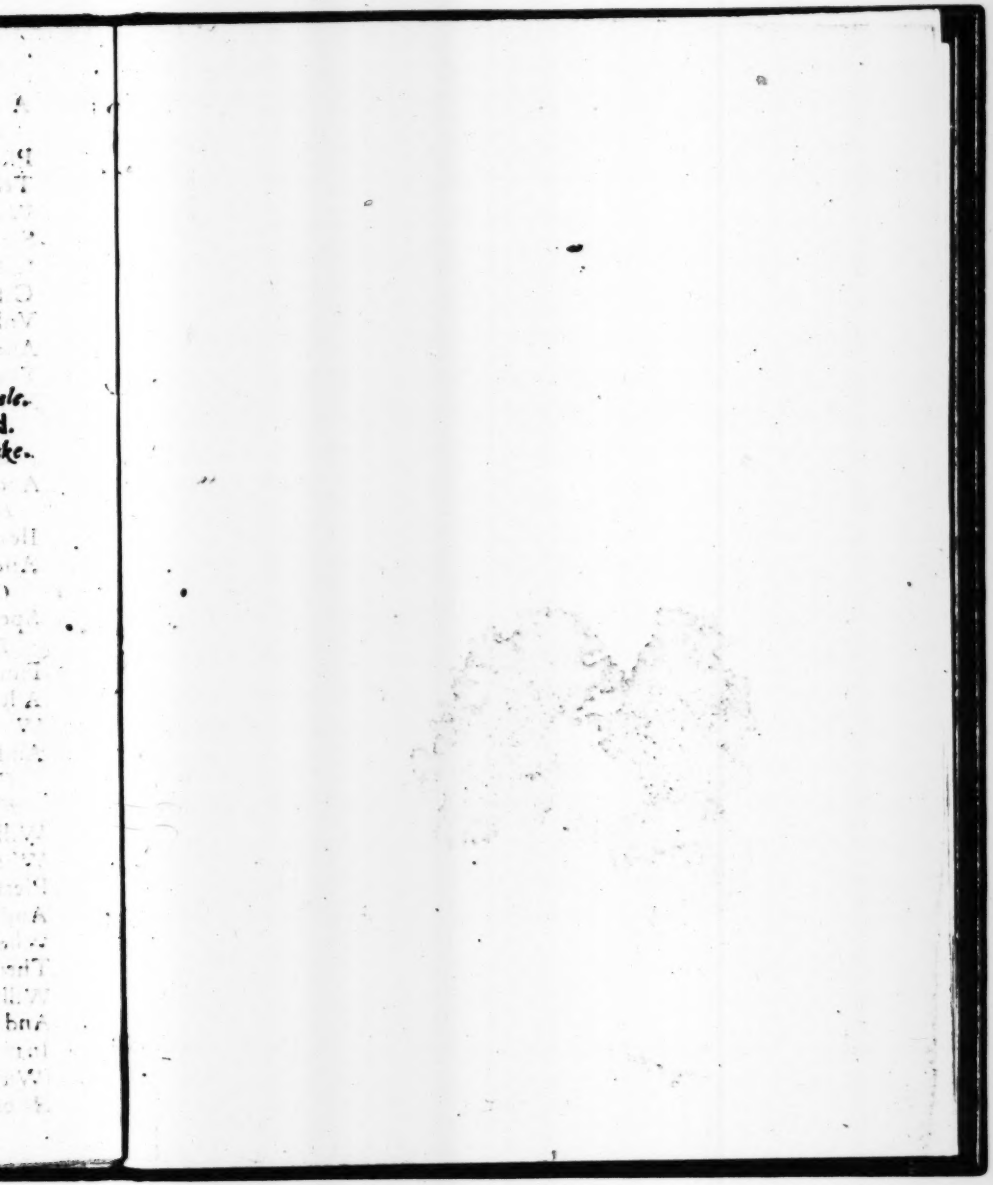
Com. Ha, ha, ha, I laugh to heare thy folly
This is a trap for boyes, not men nor such,
Especially desertfull in their doings,
Whose staid discretion, rules their purposes.
I and my faction doe eschew those vices:
But see, O see, the weary Sunne for rest,
Hath laine his golden compasse to the West,
Where he perpetuall bide, and euer shine,
As *Danids* off-spring in his happie Clime.
Stoope *Enny* stoope, bow to the earth with me,
Lets beg our pardon on our bended knee. *They kneele.*

Enny. My power has lost her might, *Ennies* date's expired.
And I amazed am. *Fall downe and quake.*

Com. Glorious and wise Arch-*Cæsar* on this earth,
At whose appearance *Ennie's* strucken dumbe,
And all bad things cease operation:
Vouchsafe to pardon our vnwilling errour,
So late presented to your gracious view,
And weele endeuour with excesse of paine,
To please your senses in a choicer straine.
Thus we commit you to the armes of night,
Whose spangled carcasse would for your delight,
Striue to excell the day: he blessed then,
Who other wishes, let him neuer speake.

Enny. Amen.
To Fame and Honour we commend your rest,
Liue still more happie, euery houre more blest.

FINIS.



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